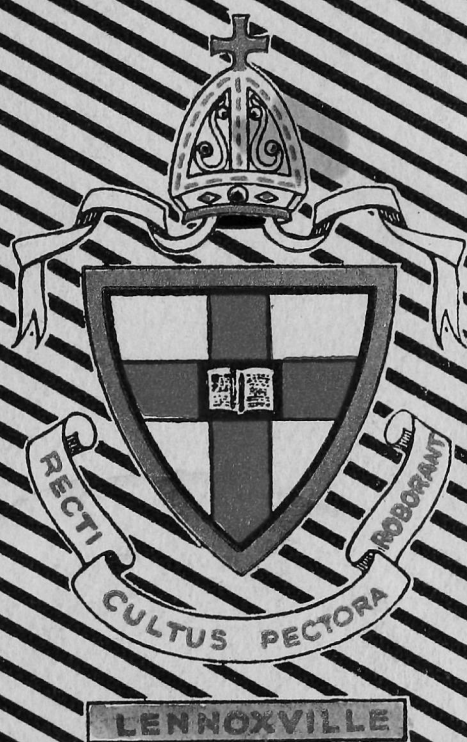


B.E.S.



Midsummer

1929

Eugene F. Phillips Electrical Works, Limited

ESTABLISHED 1889



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Lennoxville, Que.



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S. P. SMITH, ESQ., M.A., Oxon.



Headmaster, Preparatory School

A. WILKINSON, ESQ.



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THE HEADMASTER



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266 St. James Street, Montreal.

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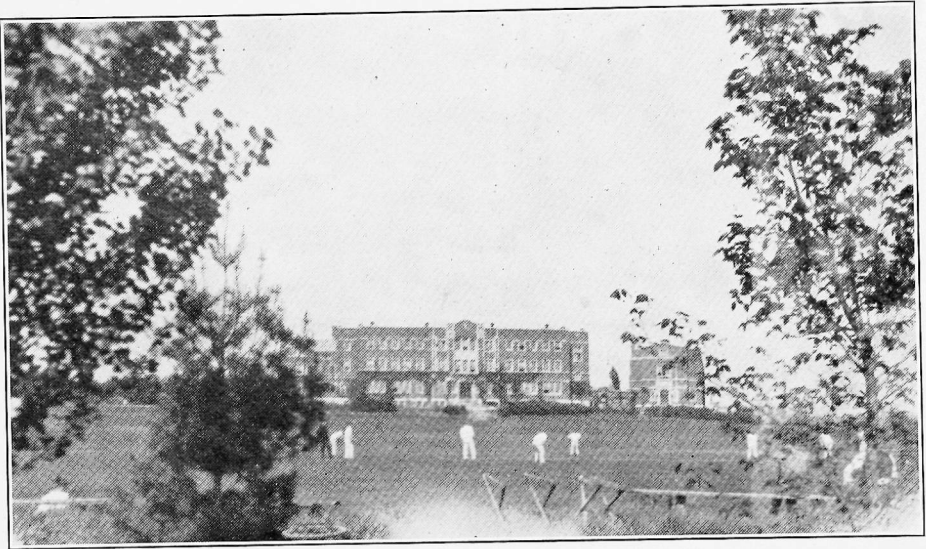
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M.A.A.A. CRICKET TEAM VS. B.C.S. AT LENNOXVILLE.



*His Excellency, Viscount Willingdon, G.S.C.I., G.B.E., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E.,
Governor-General of Canada.*

Foreword

I am delighted to be given the opportunity of sending a greeting to the Boys of Bishop's College School, whom I met under such happy circumstances only a few days ago.

Though my visit was very brief, I was there long enough to realize that you are getting your training and education in the most delightful atmosphere and surroundings.

My advice to you all is to make the best of your time at school; you will never forget or regret it if you do. Play the game perfectly straight in your work and play, and never forget the old Winchester motto: "Manners maketh man." If you remember these things in your lives, you will grow up well fitted for the great responsibilities in life that lie before you.

Give your best service to your Motherland, and in cordially wishing each and everyone of you all success in the future, I trust you will prove useful and many of you brilliant citizens of and workers for the great British Empire.

Willingdon.

*Government House,
Ottawa, Ont.
May 27th, 1929.*

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Editor

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HIS EXCELLENCY, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL
ON THE CRICKET FIELD.

B. C. S. VISITED SATURDAY BY GOVERNOR-GENERAL

After Attending Convocation at Bishop's University Lord Willingdon Paid a Visit to Bishop's College School.

After receiving an honorary degree at Bishop's University on Saturday afternoon, His Excellency the Governor-General accompanied by Mr. Grant Hall and Mr. George Montgomery, visited Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, and for a short time watched a cricket match between the school eleven and Sherbrooke city. The weather was ideal, and the campus, lined with the boys in their purple and white sweaters and blazers, presented a gay scene.

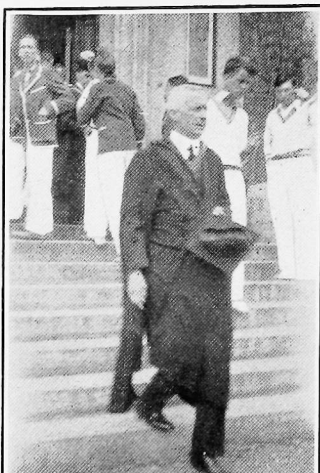
Later the boys assembled in front of the main building, and the Headmaster, Mr. S. P. Smith, M.A., speaking from the front steps, remarked that the school had been honored by a long succession of Governors General. He himself had been privileged to see at Lennoxville four of Lord Willingdon's predecessors; and the school records showed that in the early sixties Lord Monk, the first Governor-General, was present at the annual athletic sports.

His Excellency referred to an excellent catch made in the long field by one of the boys, just as his car drove on to the grounds, as a dramatic incident, and expressed a desire to follow the example of Lord Monk and be present some year at the athletic sports. After reminding the boys of their duty towards their country he asked the Headmaster to grant them a holiday.

The applause which this request provoked was, His Excellency facetiously remarked, much greater than that with which his serious advice had been received.

After three hearty cheers had been given, Lord Willingdon was shown round the school buildings.

*From Sherbrooke Record
May 20.*



THE HEADMASTER.



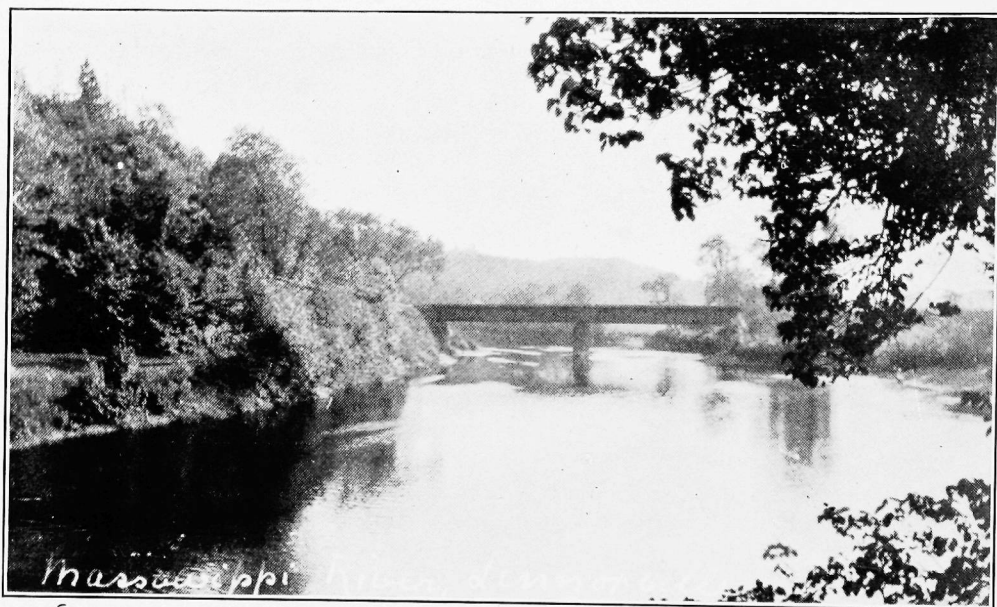
ONE OF THE BOYS
BEING PRESENTED.



HIS EXCELLENCY, THE
GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

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“ like shuttles
to and fro
To weave the web of working days in ceaseless travel
go.
How harsh the woof, how long the weft; who shall
the fabric see?
The one who walked with starry feet the western road
by me! ”

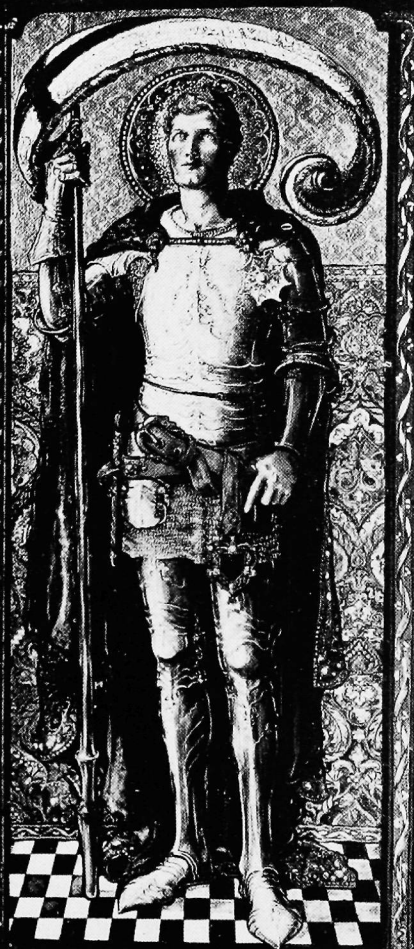
This tablet is placed
here in honour
of the boys of
Bishops College
Preparatory School
who gave their lives
in the service of their
King and Country
A.D. 1914-1918

Fuller of faith than of
fears Fuller of
resolution than of
patience Fuller
of honour than of years

Hugh Allan
A Cecil Doucet
Eric Graham
Donald S. Gwyn
Kenneth D. Husband
E. V. Iremonger
Maurice E. Jaques
J. Hewitt Laird
Charles S. Martin
Lennox Robertson
Allan Routledge
Harold A. Scott
Edward A. Whitehead
Gerald E. Wilkinson



Recti. cul-
lus. pectora
roborant



Divus Georgius Christianorum militum pugillator

Sons of Great Britain
forget it not there be
things such as Love
and Honour and the Soul
of Man which cannot be
bought with a price and
which do not die with Death

Editorial

*"But where is now the courtly troupe
That once went riding by?
I miss the curls of Cantaloupe
The laugh of Lady Di."*

Heigh-ho!

"And he is dead who will not fight!

And who dies fighting has increase."

And so—

"Oh, for a steed, and a dashing steed

And any good cause at all!

This is the "cause": "from walking up and down in the world" there are two things we have grown to love, the first is courage and the other is loyalty, and two things we have come to detest; one is a mangy sheep in a clean herd and the other popularity—this does *not* mean that we like unpopularity; no, brother o' mine, provided it be of the proper vintage, popularity is all right, but there are some people whose blame we prefer to their praise. The "fight" will come later. The "courtly troupe" refers to some of the best fellows we have ever met—this isn't a boost, it is a fact; and so Cantaloupe and Lady Di aren't real girls at all; they only represent wonderful people; besides, we wouldn't miss the curls today and, in any case, they wouldn't be permitted to go "riding by" B.C.S. But all this by the way.

"What sort of fellow is he?" Do we really want to know?

In a well-known painting which we have half forgotten except for the sentiment it inspired, a youth in armour is sleeping—dreaming of life. Two Roads lie open to him, one leading to a beautiful city and both it and the Road leading to it are delightfully attractive; the other Road is a stiff climb. A choice has to be made. We, too, travel along one of these Roads of our own free will. Occasionally the fighter and climber will descend into the pleasant valley Road; occasionally the pleasure seeker, for a change, will climb the high Road when he finds that unlimited indulgence merely leads to boredom and ennui; occasionally, too, the discontented person, dissatisfied at last with *himself*, looks eagerly towards the Heights, wondering:

*Oh, might I rise again! might I
Throw off the heat of that old wine;
See the new morning mass the sky
With fairy towers, line on line."*

We have been diagnosing discontent, dissatisfaction and grumbling and the cheapest and most stupid of them all, faultfinding, and we find that in every case the whiner, the dissatisfied and discontented person is on the Valley Road. Furthermore, in our diagnosis we made a new and very interesting discovery and that is that discontent is a splendid thing, in one important sense, for it means dissatisfaction with ourselves because we are not making progress, and this discovery had the same effect on us as the discovery that popularity could be a vile as well as a beautiful thing.

Now let us be honest with ourselves and find out why we are dissatisfied. There is hope for us if we admit the truth: that we are not making the requisite progress; and because we really do desire to make progress we are discontented and that is as it should be. Dissatisfaction is commendable while it remains a personal affair; unfortunately

the discontented person very often hates to see others contented and progressing so he endeavours to make them dissatisfied too; he becomes an infectious disease.

What a gulf there is between the grumbler trying to stop progress and the enthusiast blazing with the glory of life and a definite purpose; all the real and imaginary shafts are blunted on his armour; all the poisoned darts are deadened and neutralized in his enthusiasm and splendid purpose. What a chasm between the popularity person, the yes-yes man, and the fighter. It is hardly possible for a popularity seeker to develop character; he will always be found with the herd; he will always be found swimming down stream: you will never see him climbing a mountain, you will never find him breasting the current. He has a mortal terror of not being in with the gang on the latest popular "*phase*"; the greatest disaster that could happen to him is to find himself on the unpopular side, that is the purple sin; to avoid this he is constantly feeling the popular pulse.

As year by year the "*courtly troupe*" has gone "*riding by*," the loyal and courageous ones have always been conspicuous, and ever there has been a mob fighting against them, but always, as an Old Boy said to us a few days ago, "*right must win*" however noisy the mob. Popularity people, the grumblers and the disgruntled ones grub like moles underground. In blazing contrast progress attends the loyal and courageous ones; they have "*the pride and ample pinion*" of the eagle:

*"Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air."*

Everything is theirs *because* they stick to the rules of the game; the Golden Rule is, unknowingly, maybe, their secret spring of action, "*et ego in Arcadia*", and *we have known them*; they are the bright ones of the earth, and the worth of anybody may be measured by whether he is lighting his enthusiasm from the torch that they are carrying on the climbing Road to progress or rankly and unaspiringly following the Valley Road in company with the mob-type; "*Silenus of the swine-herds is his name*."

What sort of fellow is he? Do we really want to know? Will the usual: "Oh, he's a decent sort," be enough? Apart from the public expression of his opinion the smallest boy in the School has a niche in his mind where he has privately pigeon-holed and unconsciously catalogued his honest answer to that question. Here are some types we can instantly recognize.

As the "*courtly troupe*" goes "*riding by*" they will be seen under different guises: one will be actively fighting; another will be passively resisting but never giving in: he will be unobtrusive and not very interesting to the casual observer; yet he will be a silent force in strong contrast to the noisy, self-assertive grumbler. Then there is the lucky type that we all admire so wholeheartedly, with a secret trace of envy, apparently born—or very early trained—to be a good sportsman, bubbling with mirth and health, who could not be credited with performing a mean action or a questionable one, though in his innocence often blandly tolerant of the latter. We will not further diagnose the disgruntled type and the crawling "*crabs*" on the Low Road. Instead we will follow the fortunes of some who have left it and who with the "*courtly troupe*" have been taken in hand by nature who says: "*Climb or perish*" in her making of a man. He will encounter all the "*terrors, pains, regrets, vexations, lassitudes*" that are needful to make him "*worthy of himself*." When these are exhausted nature will invent new difficulties for

him to overcome in order to form the supremely fine character. Frequently he will be on the verge of failure in the struggle; he will be left alone—not altogether, however, for he will be closely watched; we will all earnestly scan his face searching for the force that is, maybe, gone from ourselves. Then there will come a dark moment when he will be on the point of giving in:

*"Many a man in the day of battle
Cursed himself and cried for shame
with trembling knees;
And then fought out and won a name."*

And as the "courtly troupe" goes careering through life—for surely unless we are negative people and do not believe in progress, achievement counts for something—and, although:

"The joy is in the race we run not in the prize."

Yet would we wonder whether some of us like some of our "courtly troupe" will be famous Generals, Governors of Colonies, members of the Mother Parliament, or have a niche in the temple of fame in the Canadian, or be great pioneers in the development of our country, or just a sailor with an honourable place in English History famous in inspiring song and story, or, at the beginning of our 80th year be able to swim seven miles; and will they write to future B.C.S. boys with pride in the Old School and tell them so!

"I don't care" says the grumbler: "I'll fight in any good cause at all" says the courageous one; it is all on the lap of the gods "on dit", and we add: plus a brawny arm, a stout heart and courage and loyalty. To the grumbler who doesn't care we retort: "neither do we, inordinately, but we would like to see you running a fine race."

But to the loyal and courageous one who has fought and will "fight in any good cause at all" standing, eager-eyed, with a beaker filled with a rare liqueur in his hands, our answer is the homage of our fealty as we rise, and unashamedly, proudly pledge him in a sparkling goblet of enthusiasm. Another neophyte joins the "courtly troupe."

"What sort of fellow is he?" We have made an honest effort to answer but we are now more concerned with "what sort of fellow he may be."

And so amid grumbling and enthusiasm, efficiency and fault-finding all terms come to an end. One by one the different activities drop out: Cadet Corps, Cross Country, Cricket, Debating; there remain only exams.

*And then in the golden summer time
We shall go marching
Down the summer Aisles of Beauty
Singing down the summer Aisles.*

The only tax-collector who will find his way into our Castles in Spain and Arbours in Avilion, will be that demon Results. Then a new Door will open and like the "Chambered Nautilus" we will still progress.

*"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell."*

School Notes

EXAMINATION IN FIRST AID AT BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

On Thursday last at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Captain Hunter, M.D., of Military District No. 4, held an examination in First Aid, when the ten candidates who presented themselves were all successful in qualifying for the elementary certificate of the St. John Ambulance Association.

The names of those passing the tests are J. W. H. Bishop, H. F. G. Boswell, J. R. Dixon, H. D. Doheny, B. Drury, S. F. Hubbard, G. M. Drummond, F. W. McCaffrey, D. M. Neill and J. R. Sare. They were prepared for the examination by Sergeant-Major Fisher, the physical instructor at the School.

The Regent of the Maple Copse Chapter, I.O.D.E., announces the following competition, in which B.C.S. boys are invited to compete:—

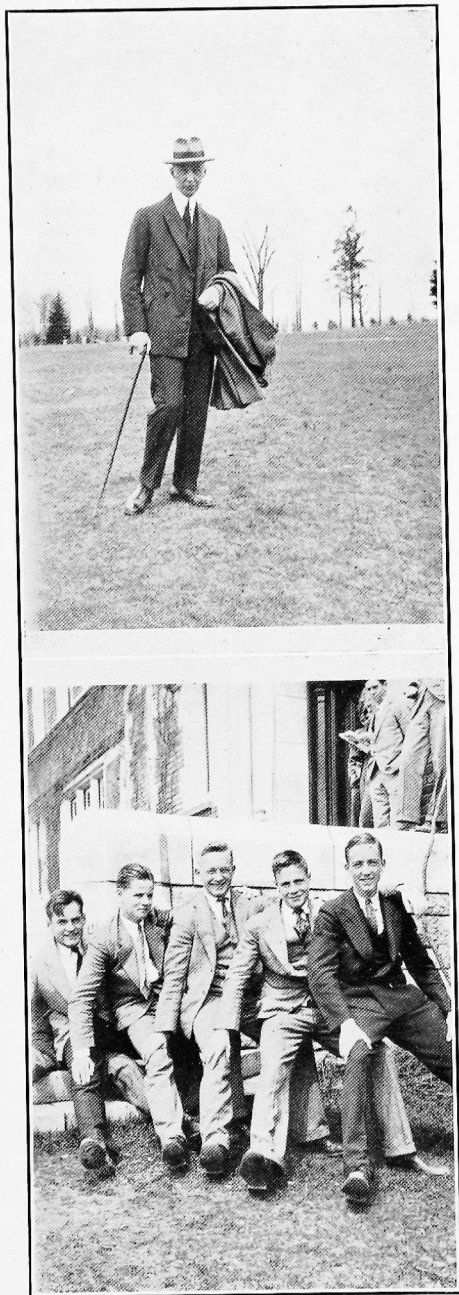
Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire Prize Competition for a Christmas Card Design

(Closing November 1st, 1929)

A prize of One Hundred Dollars is offered by the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire for a Christmas Card Design. For particulars apply to the Magazine.



"WILKIE"



FRONT STEPS.

Bubbles

"We have heard the Chimes by Midnight"

HENRY IV.

Magazine Staff.

The world's a bubble

Lord Bacon.

At the breakfast table (during discussion):

P. MacDougall:—The Armenians are the people that are always starving aren't they?"

Glass:—"Is Abbe Constantin his name, sir?"

Carter (instantly and in compassionate tones):—"No, it's his maiden name."

At Lunch

Cowans:—Sir, do you have to know Latin to take medicine?"

Aitchison:—"No, you can take it with a spoon."

Master (in French class):—"Pig."

Glass:—"Wait a minute sir, I had it on the tip of my tongue."

Pierce:—"Gee! he must have a big mouth!"

Mr. Moffat:—"Aird, your essay is a very good one, but it is the same as Johnston's. What do you conclude from that?"

Aird:—"That Johnston's is also good, sir."

In class:

"Any questions?"

"Yes sir, how can I calculate the horsepower in a donkey engine?"

.....
 "If fellows stopped looking at girls' short skirts they'd soon stop wearing them.
"

"Gee, they'd never do that!"

"How did you like Venice, Drury?"

"I only stayed there one day, the darned place was flooded."

Cowans:—"Sir, you get a kick out of exams, don't you?"

Y . . :—"No, the kick comes when you see the marks."

Aitchison:—"The big kick comes when you get home."

Stop Press

(From the Gazette)—

INSPECTION OF B.C.S. CADET CORPS

T. R. Kenny Won Boxing

The Cadet Corps of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, was inspected by Colonel Keefer, who was accompanied by Major Le Beau, Captain Routhier and S. P. Smith, the Headmaster. The cadets were put through their drill by Captain T. R. Kenny and acquitted themselves with remarkable smartness and precision. The drill was followed by exercises in physical training under the direction of Sergeant-Major Fisher, and by the following final bouts in the school boxing competitions:

School Championship:—T. R. Kenny beat D. A. Hadfield.

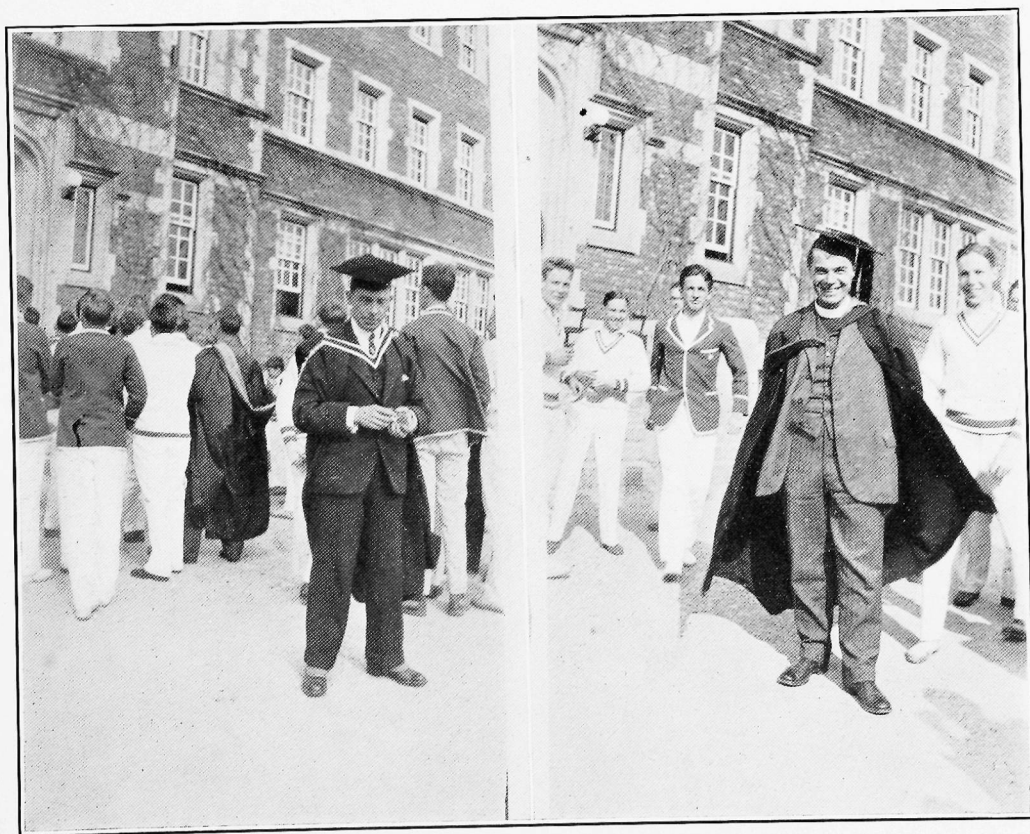
Middleweight:—S. C. MacCallum beat R. J. Devlin.

Welterweight:—M. S. Grant beat R. G. Mackay.

Lightweight:—R. W. Davis beat C. O. Glass.

Featherweight:—P. W. Davis beat A. W. Barry.

Bantamweight:—J. R. Dixon beat B. Drury.



Dot Pourri

THE CONSTANT LOAFER

Out upon it, I have loafed
 Three whole days together!
 And am like to loaf three more,
 If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
 Ere he shall discover
 In the whole wide world again
 Such a constant loafer.

With apologies to SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

To the "Slaves of the Lamp" and the "Midnight Oil Burners", 1928-1929:—
 "Bishop's College School Magazine"

"A good all round publication. Your Editorials are well written. The article on the Debating Club is especially good."

"The College Times,"
 Upper Canada College.

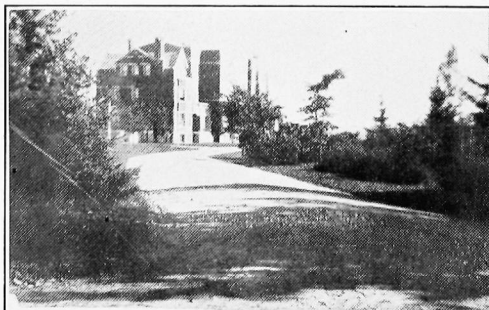
"B.C.S."—"Your magazine is one of the best. We certainly could never give it half the praise that is due it. We have no criticism whatever for a magazine of its standing."

"Junior Journal,"
 Princeton Junior School for Boys.

"B.C.S."

"One of the best all-round exchanges this term."

"Saint Andrew's College Review."

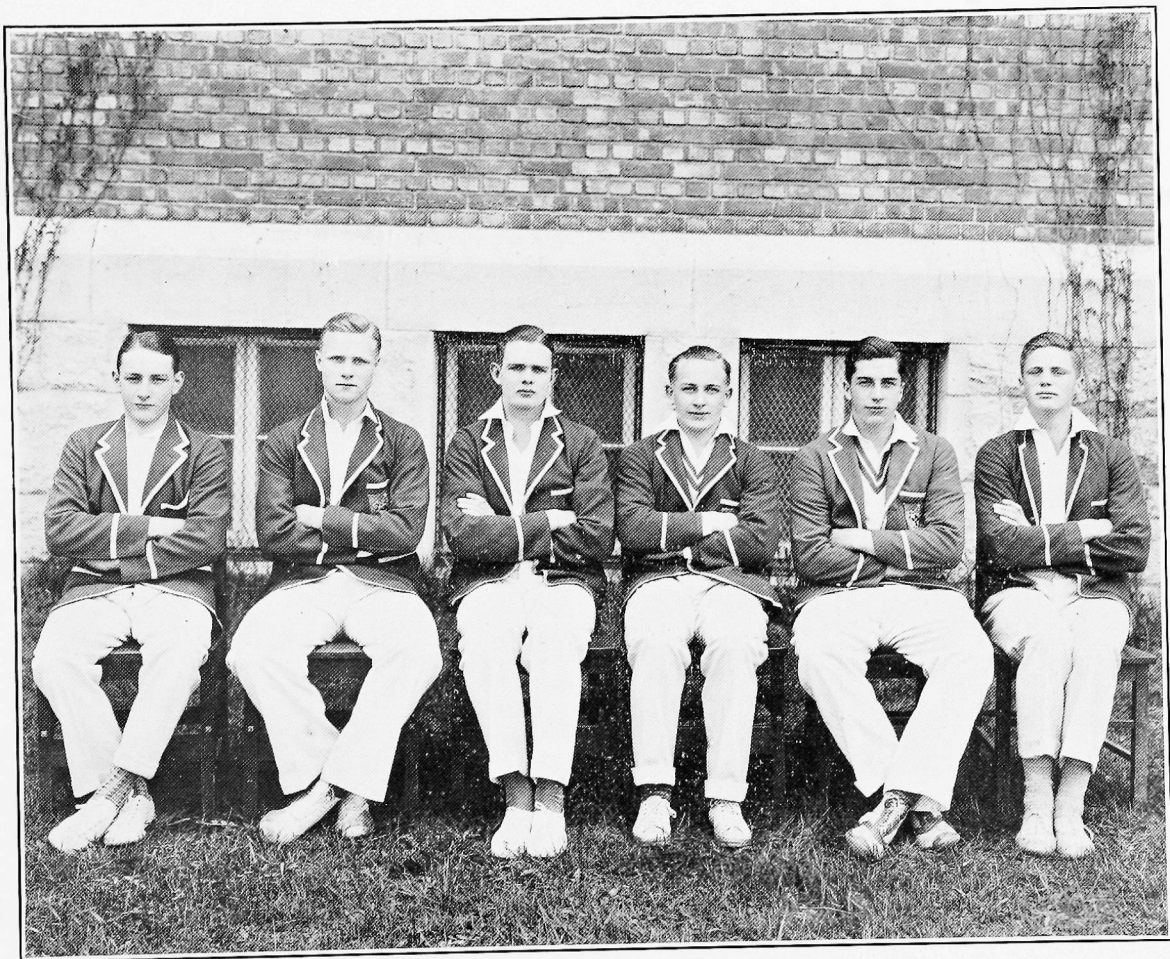


THE SCHOOL FROM THE POWER HOUSE.



THE CLOISTERS.

PREFECTS, 1929



E. S. Coristine

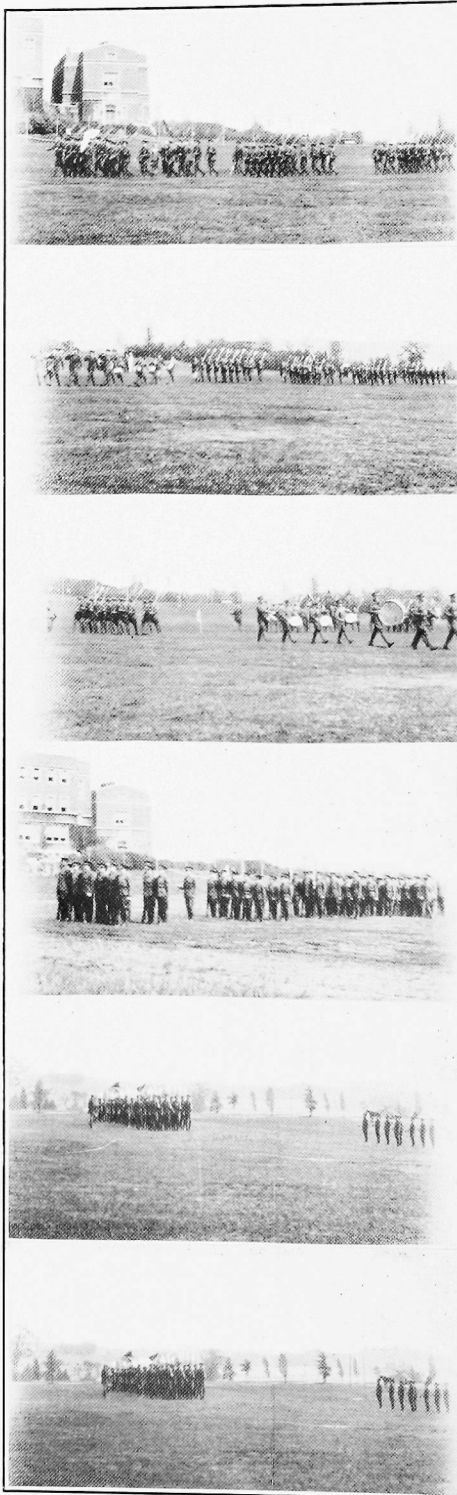
T. R. Kenny

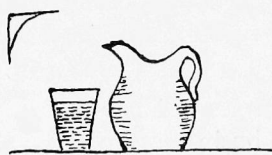
P. W. Blaylock

J. R. Simms

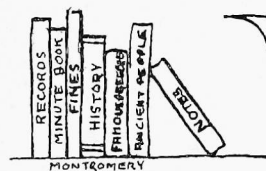
F. G. Taylor

C. M. Drury





DEBATING SOCIETY



First Fourteen Debaters

1st	C. M. Drury	1079	11	Debates—Grant Hall Medal.
2nd	T. R. Kenny	1011	10	“ President’s Medal.
3rd	H. M. Howell	818	10	“
4th	P. W. Davis	767	11	“
5th	G. W. Millar	750	10	“
6th	I. Ogilvie	749	8	“
7th	D. C. Markey	656	8	“
8th	H. T. Langston	654	10	“
9th	G. W. Hess	653	10	“
10th	H. Doheny	648	10	“
11th	J. N. Pierce	644	8	“
12th	W. F. C. Carter	624	9	“
13th	D. M. Rankin	446	7	“
14th	T. A. Patton	395	6	“

A Few of the Debates

A meeting of the B.C.S.D.S. was held in the Hooper Library on Saturday, February 16th. The subject for debate was:—“*That this Society is of the opinion that a professional career is preferable to a business career.*”

Sise, opening for the affirmative, stated that he thought a professional career was preferable to a commercial career because a professional career meant self-sacrifice. He illustrated this by saying that a doctor gives his life to keeping people healthy, and a lawyer sees that there is justice for everyone. He stated that if a doctor failed in his profession he did no one any harm, while if a bank manager failed it ruined many people. “In business,” he said, “everyone is for himself and few are willing to help the one below them.” He concluded by saying that a professional man, if a failure, could go into business, while a commercial man, if he fails, is down and out.

Kenny, opening for the negative, took for an example two men of equal ability, one going in for a business career and the other for a professional one. He pointed out that the business man in this case gets seven years’ start in life; and if the professional man were to fail it would be seven years lost and he would have to start all over again. “Professional men always follow the same routine,” he said, “whereas business men are always busy trying to out-think their rivals.” He said that for a professional man to rise above the

average he must be exceptionally clever, but that cleverness is not necessarily an asset to the business man. He concluded by contradicting Sise's statement that professional men were self-sacrificing, saying that very few professional men would sacrifice themselves if it were not for their own good.

Howell, continuing for the affirmative, stated that if a man studied law he had a chance to branch off into business. He said that the average business man does not know the bottom of his business, while a professional man knows all the groundwork of his calling. Doctors do a great deal of good in saving people's lives, while a business man is only concerned with himself. He concluded by saying that a professional career calls for more brains than the average business life.

Drury I said that in his opinion the business man should take a few years of Law at College before he started out in his career. He remarked that professional men are apt to get tired of their job, but the business man finds business irresistibly interesting. He stated that a professional man's time is not his own—the doctor is tied down by appointments; the lawyer has no scope, other people always tell him what to do. "A criminal lawyer," he said, "is always liable to get a bad case and thereby ruin his reputation." He ended by saying that he thought it easier to fail in a professional career than in a commercial one, because most professions are overcrowded.

Doheny, in upholding the affirmative, stated that a business man could not possibly get along in life without the professional man; for a business man has to acquire his knowledge from masters and professors. He refuted an opponent's point that a business man's life was full of excitement, and maintained that an average business man is not his own master, but is enslaved by a daily routine, while with a doctor or lawyer the case is different.

Aitchison (maiden), said that he disagreed with Doheny's statement that a business man has the same routine every day. He pointed out that a business man could at least get a little rest at night, but a doctor was liable to be called out at any time during the night and even on Sunday. He remarked that the professional man is handicapped on account of the years he has spent in college.

Markey, speaking for the affirmative, said that artists and writers are remembered long after they are dead, while business men are usually forgotten soon after they retire. He claimed that all business depends on the professions. If a man became a lawyer he could always enter business if he did not like the practice of law. "A lawyer is his own master and can work as much and when he pleases", was one of the points he brought forward. Refuting Drury's statement, he said that lawyers can always get work in firms and be sure of a steady income. His closing assertion was that there is a very large number of professions to choose from, and that if one of them is not very profitable this does not condemn them all.

Duggan (maiden), pointed out that the professional man's time is not his own. He stated that it was not necessary for a business man to go to college, but a doctor or a lawyer has to obtain his degree before he can start his career. A professional man has to depend upon the support of others for work; a lawyer has to prove his case whether he thinks it right or wrong, he argued.

Davis II, continuing for the affirmative, stated, in an excellent speech, that a professional man works harder than a business man. He took as an instance the business man who has become head of a big company; he can travel all over the world, leaving the work to his second in command; but a professional man, be he doctor or lawyer, if he has become one of the foremost in his profession must stay at his work and take only an occasional holiday. He asserted that a business man works only for himself, while a professional man only works for the good of other people. He concluded by saying that a professional career is more interesting than a business one, as the professional man has always some new problem to cope with and, consequently, the professional man must be the cleverer of the two.

Langston stated that a doctor found it hard to get a good practice and a lawyer found it difficult to get a good case, because most professions are overcrowded. On the other hand, there is always a wide choice in business career and the business man has a wider field for his ideas. He remarked that a successful professional man has to stick to his work if he wishes to remain at the top of his calling, but a successful commercial man can always leave his work for others to manage. "The work of some great artists and writers may live for ever," he said, "but if their work is not recognized till after they are dead it does *them* very little good.

Hess, closing for the affirmative, stated that neither career could get along without the other, but in his opinion the professional career was preferable. He said that a professional career was good training for anything; citing Roosevelt, the great politician, who had started his life as a lawyer. He concluded by saying that a business man in his attempt to amass a fortune, crushes many other men.

Patton I, summing up for the negative, remarked that a business man has regular working hours, but a doctor may be called at any hour of the night or day. He stated that a business man can also always get a regular holiday when he wants it, but a doctor or lawyer cannot. "A professional man faces the world alone, but a man going into business is usually able to get a partner," he concluded.

The motion was put to the House and declared lost; the Vice-President called for a division and the motion was carried by seven votes to six, the Chairman casting the deciding vote.



A meeting of the B.C.S.D.S. was held in the Hooper Library on Saturday, May 11th. The motion before the House was: "*That this Society considers that the modern man lives too artificial a life.*"

Carler opened the debate for the affirmative and said that the people of the old days were much harder than those of today. He said that their national sport used to be hunting and that the sport was much more dangerous then than it is now. "In very olden days," he said, "the arms for hunting were flint axes and bows, whereas now they have automatic guns and horns to lure their prey with."

Drury I, opening for the negative, stated that modern inventions do not tend to make life artificial. "Men are all the same under the skin in any age," he said. He maintained that in a fight man always resorts to the same methods as his ancestors. "Even a few years ago life was more artificial than it is now," he argued. He declared that men live a freer life now and that there is less questionable intrigue than ever before. He argued that people say what they think and there are no foolish feuds between families now-a-days. He closed his speech by saying that the artificial poetry of former days has given way to modern and more natural verse.

Markey, continuing for the affirmative, pointed out that with electric light people do a lot more reading, because in the olden days one could not read so much by candle light and therefore did not strain their eyes as we do now-a-days. He maintained that the diseases of today are largely spread by the crowded movie houses. Motor cars, he said, are a curse to men, making them lazy, and if they have no car of their own they take a taxi and rarely get much walking exercise. He concluded by bringing up a point regarding the necessity of money these days: "One could enjoy oneself easily in the old days without it, but now nothing is possible without it."

Millar, negative, humorously compared this age with earlier eras in the world's history. He said that candles are still used; that some people still live in caves and grass skirts are also worn as before.

Aitchison spoke next for the affirmative and drew attention to the number of accidents caused by motor cars now-a-days, and the injury done to people's lungs by the poisonous gas which is given off by them. He said that some argue that the people of the olden days were not so cultured as they are now, but in his opinion the Greeks were the most cultured race that has ever existed.

Davis II, stated that modern luxuries are bad for the health, as most people do not get enough exercise. He said that although physical prowess may have decreased, man's mind is better than ever. "The men of ancient days were very narrow-minded," he thought. He closed his speech by declaring that most of the ancients could not read or write.

Rankin II, speaking for the affirmative, said that in the old days games were not nearly so artificial as they are now, and that men played games without a lot of padding. Another point which he brought forward was that in the old days if people were not satisfied with something they fought for it instead of voting for it as they do now.

Hess, negative, said that the world is getting more artificial as the years go on; and that the next war will be extremely artificial. He stated that it is more natural to box as moderns do than to fight a duel or fight as gladiators did in the arena. He thought that modern luxuries are essential and that many lives are saved by them every year.

Pierce, affirmative, said that in the olden days men had to fight and endure great hardships to gain their living and consequently they were better men; that ancient wars were not at all artificial like modern ones. He stated that all boys used to be taught to use a sword in days of yore, but that that is not so now. He closed his speech by saying that in ancient days even if you inherited a fortune you kept on at your special work.

Doheny, speaking for the negative, opened his speech with an excellent point when he said that luxuries are only bad when abused. He stated that it was worse for the eyes when one read by the old flickering candle light. He closed his speech by saying that there were great plagues in the middle ages that are never prevalent now owing to *artificial* remedies.

Howell continued for the affirmative and deplored the fact that women can vote now instead of staying at home to look after the children and housework as they used to do in happier(?) days. With regard to aeroplanes he said that man was made with feet to walk on the earth and should therefore stay there. Men of today do not get enough exercise, in his opinion, owing to the numerous artificial luxuries. He concluded by saying that people of today eat ridiculous food and wear ridiculous clothes.

Kenny, brought up some old points with new force as he spoke last for the negative side. He argued that everyone is educated now; the poor man as well as the rich. He stated that now a man with ability can rise to great heights while in the ancient days if one were born a slave one remained so. He said that great skill used to prevail in fighting, while now there is only luck. He concluded by saying that modern games are a great improvement on the ancient ones.



A meeting of the B.C.S.D.S. was held in the Hooper Library on Saturday, May 18th. The motion before the House was:—"That this Society is of the opinion that the modern girl is encroaching too much on man's domain."

Pierce opened for the affirmative and in an aggressive manner mercilessly attacked the modern girls' attitude towards life and especially to those professions which, until recently, were considered as sacrosanct. Today nothing is too sacred or too coarse for her capabilities. Her battering-ram penetrates every walk of life and the modern young man blandly tolerates it all. The speaker did his duty admirably in opening up many debatable points.

Drury I opened for the negative. He considered that woman should not be excluded from any trade or profession because of her sex; that efficiency should be the criterion when any vacancy occurs and sex should not be the cause of exclusion. "A larger percentage of men fail in the world than women and this is because a woman's brain is much quicker than a man's to grasp things; for this reason women should make good lawyers. As far as doctors are concerned, they understand female patients better than men do," he argued. Answering a point made by the affirmative opener he maintained that women had better taste, as buyers, in departmental stores than men. He informed the House that it was after the great war that women began to cut their hair short and that it was because it attracted men; men are now getting tired of this fashion, and long hair will soon be *de rigueur*.

The speaker argued with all his customary, vice-presidential sweet reasonableness, and effectively performed an opener's duty.

Millar continued for the affirmative by first refuting Drury's statement regarding the greater number of men failures as compared with women failures. He maintained that it is the other way round. "Women in business today," he said, "are trying to get to the top of the ladder but they have not the physical ability or the requisite business sense." Disagreeing with the Vice-President he informed us that 90% of those in business were men, hence the larger number of failures; that women cannot face as much responsibility as men, and that they collapse more easily under the strain of business.

Langslon, negative, pointed out to the House that the reason why women had ousted men to such an extent was because a huge number of able-bodied men were killed in the war. He admitted that women will not undertake so many hardships as men, nor will a woman be able to support a large family and a husband "*as we men have to do.*"

Carter, affirmative, asserted that woman's proper place is in the home; that the records prove that ever since her ingress into Parliament less progress, comparatively, has been made; that although some women are daring aviators the notable flying is nearly all done by men. "And yet women persist in trying to be brave when they are only foolish," he remarked derisively in conclusion.

Patton I denounced the motion and argued that women do not try to oust men, but that they merely work for a living. He brought forward a strong case for woman doctors, citing some concrete examples. "In sport," he asserted, "now that women are relieved of their long dresses of the nineties and their long hair their efficiency is 90% greater."

Hess, continuing for the affirmative, argued that women lawyers get a more sympathetic hearing than men; that they appeal more to the feelings and thus have more influence upon public opinion; that women reporters do not give correct accounts of murders, being too imaginative; that they are always sympathetic with the defendant and take the wrong angle altogether on most matters.

Rankin II made a stirring speech for the negative. He took the topic back to Rome in the days of Julius Caesar and aptly illustrated his point. "Women," he announced, "will some day make the Atlantic, although now they are dropping here and there. The women of today have backbone and as much go as any man," said he, "and why shouldn't they have a chance? Five years ago women were afraid to leave the ground in a plane, and if they did they felt as big as the Governor General, but now-a-days it is an ordinary, everyday occurrence." Winding up his speech with a very good point which was wildly applauded, he said that he thought it was time that men got a rest and women took their places, so that those who had families could stay at home.

Markey virulently attacked the negative, maintaining that it goes against a man's grain to be "bossed" by a woman. He asserted that Patton had brought forward the exception, in the case of the woman doctor, that proved the rule. "Few women can get out and change a tire." "Doctors say that strenuous sports are injurious to women." "Rankin is prejudiced; infinitely more men have been ruined than made by women's advice." "Women authors' books are not so popular as men's and therefore they generally publish them under a man's name," were some of his outstanding points.

Davis II, in a speech which was both logical and clearly expressed, was of the opinion that man hates to see woman do better than himself; that women change their minds too much and are too sentimental; that the present condition of women has come as an aftermath of the war; that if women continue to do men's work there will soon be no home life; that women jurors are sentimental.

Doheny, speaking about women in Parliament, thought that no woman was fit for a public position. "They are all right while the popular voice is with them, but when the tide of popular favour turns they are unable to stand the gaff," he maintained. "On the stage woman is only popular in her proper sphere, while the hero of a play is always the fighter," he stated, and argued that the stage was an idealized reflection of real life.

The openers summed up in a masterly fashion, due probably in part to the interest aroused by the very popular subject. The motion, on being put to the House, was carried by a fair majority, and the Society then proceeded to private business.



A meeting of the B.C.S.D.S. was held in the Hooper Library. A "*Hal Night*" was the order "*of the day*."

Pierce—"We want a swimming pool, how shall we get it?" He said that the School would be able to get a swimming pool in the same way as it got the rink, and that the pool could be put where the old rink was, or else in the large basement.

Millar was the lucky member who drew a blank and was able to choose his subject. He spoke on the advantages of Christmas holidays. In the first place he said you get rather tired of school after fourteen long weeks; that it was not so bad before Thanksgiving, but that when basketball—which is not a very good game, being played indoors—starts the time begins to drag and then the holidays come along and are very welcome.

Davis II—"The advantages of a Sailor's life." He said that he thought a sailor's life ideal because it is a hard and wholesome one and makes sturdy men. He stated that most of the world's discoveries were made by sailors. He thinks that it is much harder to manage a battleship than a handful of men. He said that sailors stick to their jobs and that the staunchness, loyalty and coolness of her sailors have made Britain mistress of the seas.

Ogilvie—"Football is the king of all games!" "The phrase means," he stated, "that football is the most popular game in the world. There are many branches of football which help to make it a popular sport—English, Canadian and American rugby, and soccer, being the four branches of the game. Football is played in more countries than any other game. It can be enjoyed practically all the year round. In the United States it starts in August and is played until December, while soccer is played in the spring. The game consists of team work, while golf and tennis make for individual play only. Football can only be played by men who can stand hard bumps and who have no yellow streaks in them," he stated.

Patton I—"My favourite picture". "Mona Lisa," he stated, "is my favourite picture. In its time it was looked upon as one of the most famous pictures ever painted. It depicts a beautiful woman of the middle ages, and the wonderful expression written on her face is known to all those who take any interest in paintings. In books and magazines dealing with art there is sure to be a print of the painting of Mona Lisa."

Carter drew from the hat, "The improvement I should like best in the School" and he opened by stating that private cubicles having two or three fellows in them would be a great improvement over dormitories. In dormitories there are fourteen fellows, of whom two or three may be friends, whereas in a cubicle one could choose one's own friends for room-mates.

Drury I drew, "If I had one wish." He opened by saying that his wish would be for perfect happiness. He did not want to have too much money, nor all his wishes granted; but to work all his life, and by that he meant conscientiously. Happiness does not consist in having all your pleasure granted, he stated. Continuing his idea of perfect happiness, he said that he would always like to have somewhere to return to after a hard day. He would like to have somewhere to go, to be amongst his friends, and to feel at home wherever he went. This was his idea of perfect happiness.

Rankin II. "Nothing to beat a soldier's life." He started by pointing out one of the most essential things in manhood. The life of a soldier teaches him to be awake and alert, since he is always active and the discipline keeps him alert. He further stated that a man is not much use unless he is strong and healthy and a soldier's life keeps him always fit.

Kenny. "It is better to start at the bottom of the ladder." In a professional or commercial career it is always better to start at the bottom and work up, he stated. Starting at the bottom enables a man to understand the men under him; and, when and if, he rises above them they will work better for him as they realize that he has gained his position by hard work. A person who starts at the top is more circumscribed; he can only go so far and then he has reached his limit. For an example he took Grant Hall, an old boy of the School, who started at the bottom by laying railroad tracks and who is now vice-president of the C.P.R. He ended his speech by saying that the man who starts at the bottom and works up to the top is infinitely superior to the man who starts at the top, having built up a much stronger character.

Howell. "Fortune knocks at every man's door once." "Every man who takes up a business life has one great chance to make good, whether he takes advantage of it or not," he said. Henry Ford saw great possibilities in a low-priced car and so set to work to make a car which in turn made him one of the most famous manufacturers in the world. Marconi saw radio as a long felt want and a better means of communicating news events than the telephone, so he patented his invention and we all know what it has done for the world. Many men have taken advantage of their one opportunity and now rank among the successful men of the world. Just one opportunity and that is enough when taken at the right time, he said.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
That, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Langston. "Nothing to beat horseback riding." He stated that when you are on horseback you are out in the open air and this is not necessarily true of riding in a car; that it may be rather hard at first to learn to ride, but it is quite an accomplishment when you have learned properly. "It is not only a great pastime, but it helps you to understand animals," he said in closing.



A DEBATE

A Debate is called, the list put up,
And speeches are all ready;
Affirmative, opens, Negative next,
And both are very steady.

Boys interrupt, order is called
And fines are freely handed,
Secretaries write while debaters fight
And many good points are landed.

The Debate is over, votes are called,
The Negative side has won.
The Affirmative's sorrow goes on to the morrow—
Till another debate is begun.

J. N. PIERCE.



1—CADET CORPS
OFFICERS



2—MACHINE GUN UNIT

THIRTY-THREE

Of all the marks I ever got
There's one that worries me.
I studied all the summer long
And just got thirty-three.

I got fifty marks in Latin
And ten in History,
But that dirty little sneaker,
That wretched thirty-three!

I got five marks in Algebra,
It's small you will agree,
And twenty in Arithmetic
But that "*don't*" worry me.

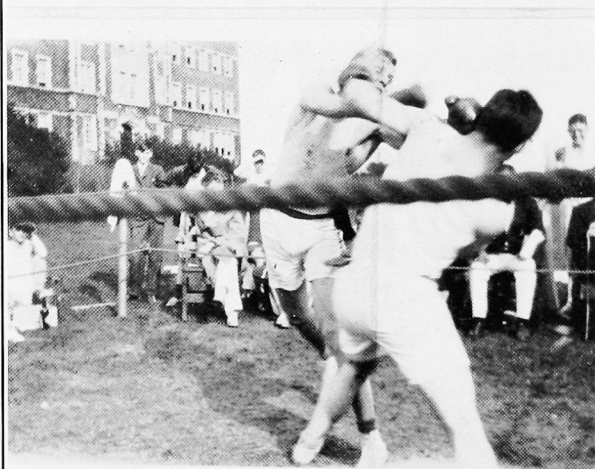
For I studied all the term long
Till I could hardly see,
From burning midnight oil at night
For that measly thirty-three.

I listened in in classes—
If only you knew me!
Perspired in Preparation
And just got thirty-three.

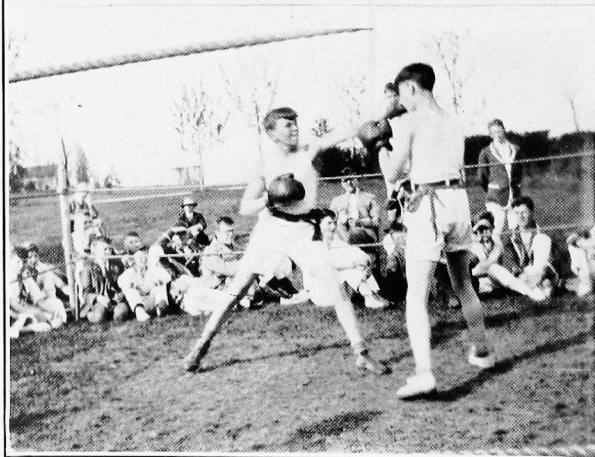
I'm on the verge of lunacy,
'Tis '*to be or not to be*'
I've even now forgotten in
What I got thirty-three.

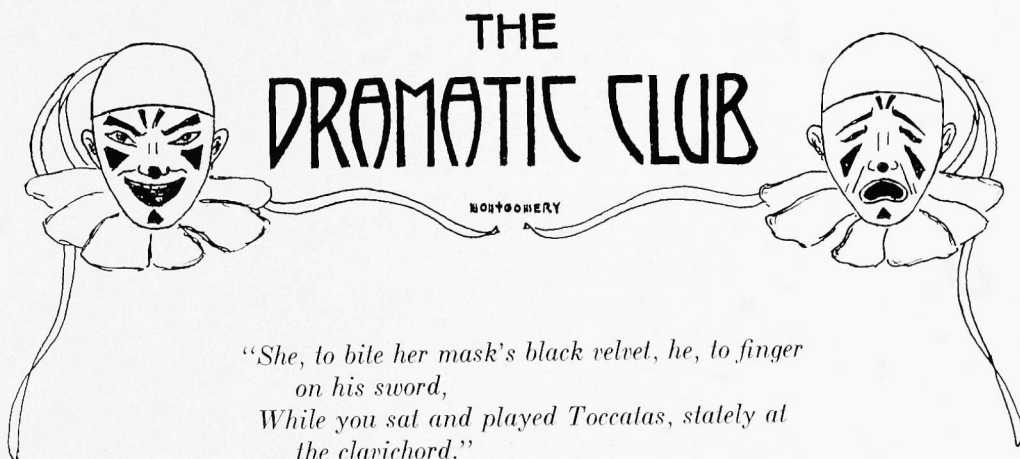


1-2—SEMI-FINALS
DUGGAN VS.
KENNY



3—DRURY II
VS. McCAFFREY,
FLY WEIGHT





Since our last issue we have had two very enjoyable concerts. The wretched scribe has lost the documents and so we are unable to give the programmes. The Band was very much *en evidence*.

We were delighted to see that our one-time outstanding star, Greig, distinguished himself in his first year in McGill dramatics, taking part in one play and being producer in the last one. Another of our ex-members, Auld, was Treasurer.



ABSTRACT

I've a longing for something that never was,
And mayhap shall never be;
And its beauty and sweetness are happy things,
And I love the sweet pain that my longing brings,
Though it's nameless in spite of me.

And often I've tried to corner my soul
To hear what it has to say—
But it's frightened, or callous, or doesn't care
To quiet the doubts in the mind of its heir,
And stays just a bit away.

So I still have my longing without a name,
And still it is sweet to me;
And I treasure the dreamy hours I've spent—
Though t'will always be, I am quite content,
A beautiful mystery.

M.

Chapel Notes

On Monday, April 15th, the Lord Bishop of Quebec held a Confirmation in St. Mark's Chapel, when fourteen boys were presented for the sacred rite. The School Chaplain read the Lessons and the Archdeacon of St. Francis assisted as the Bishop's Chaplain. His Lordship spoke to the candidates and to the whole congregation with great impressiveness and bade them remember that day as marking an epoch in their lives. He spoke of the spiritual impetus which a similar service had given to previous Old Boys, himself among the number.

Many parents and friends were present and the School attended in force. The boys confirmed were: Glass, Sare, Buchanan, Drury II, Dixon, Wallis, Wilson, Chadwick, Laing, Howard, Rankin III, Davis II, MacDougall II and Riddell. These all made their first Communion on the Fourth Sunday after Easter except one, who was unfortunately quarantined and was unable to go to Chapel until the Sunday after Ascension.

The Bishop paid a visit to the School and had tea in the dining hall with the Headmaster. He addressed the School and also asked that a half-holiday be granted to commemorate his visit.





RIDING

At least one half-holiday every week witnesses a large group of riders. Occasionally during the week boys ride when the grounds are too wet to allow cricket or track work. This term is the one in which to ride, as we all know. Owing to the late, though early promised spring and summer, riding has played a big part in the recreation of the privileged fifth and sixth forms. We have witnessed some wonderful stunts and seen some first class riding, and the elimination of the "greens," and, occasionally, "shush", a mishap or two.

On the twenty-fourth of May one noteworthy ride of 40 miles was especially interesting and exciting.

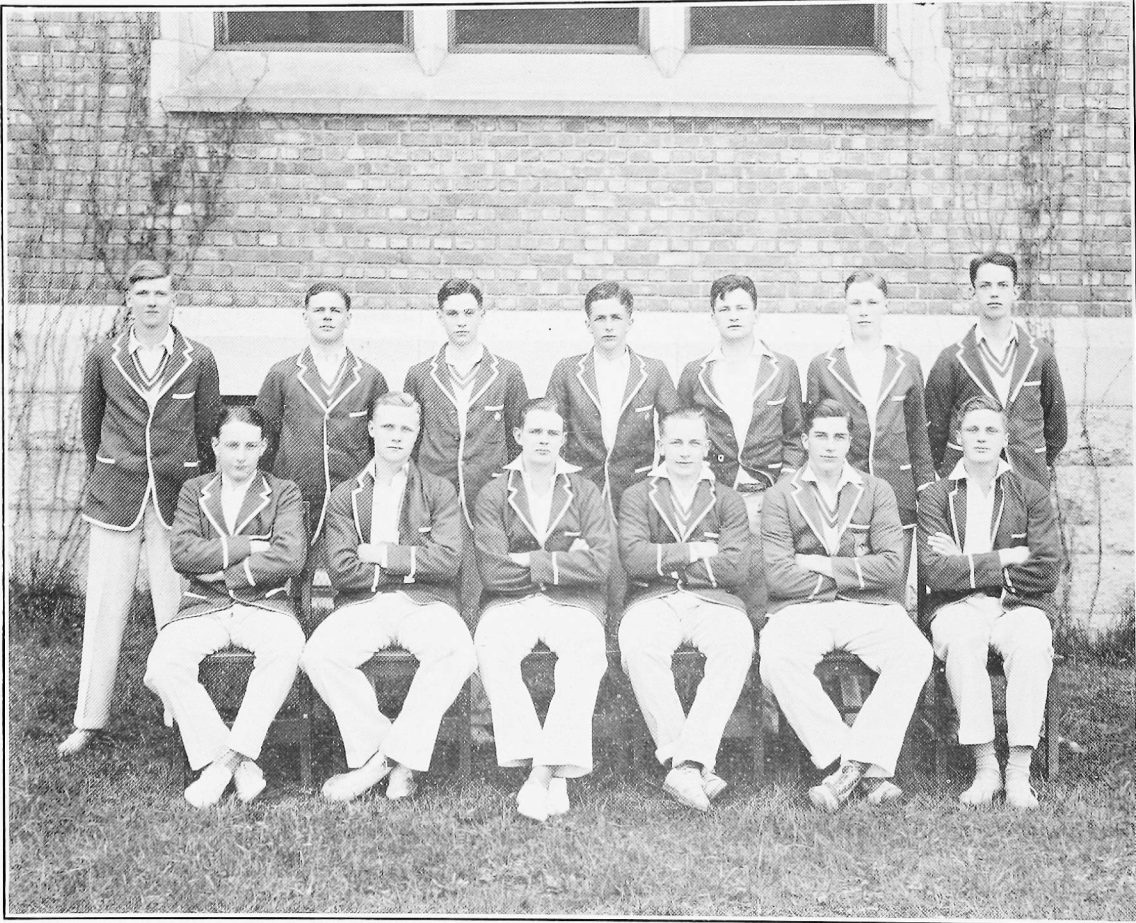


SONNET

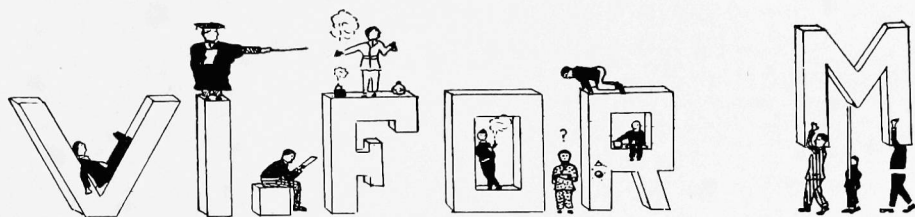
I wonder why it is that poets write
To bare their souls before the eyes of men,
Who gaze a moment carelessly, and then
Declare the passion 'pretty,' 'sad' or 'bright',
All thoughtless of the burning golden light
They have no eyes to see, though hurried pen
Traced it on paper and lay still again,
Some coloured hour of a sleepless night,
For poets' eyes are not the gift of all—
His fellows cannot see his homing dove;
And though he think their vision drab and small,
It shows them other silver heights
Each has a life, each hears a different call,
And each would tell the other of his love.

M. M.

SIXTH FORM, 1929



J. F. Meakins D. C. Markey I. Breakey I. Ogilvie H. L. Duggan P. G. Sise H. M. Howell
E. S. Coristine T. R. Kenny P. W. Blaylock J. R. Simms F. G. Taylor C. M. Drury



Edward Stanley Coristine. "Ed" came to the Prep. in the fall of 1924, where he showed his athletic ability by getting on all the teams. On coming to the Upper he was handicapped, and for the first two years played on junior hockey and football teams. Last year he put on considerable avoirdupois and played for the 2nd football and hockey teams, while this year he was on 1st football and 1st hockey. In football he played quarter and showed himself to be, without doubt, one of the best quarters the School has had for many years. Ed is also a clever boxer, having won his weight two years out of three. He is not only a good athlete, but also works well in class. In September of this year he was made Head Boy of A Dormitory, and has just been made a Prefect. Last year he was a Corporal and this year has been promoted to Sergeant in the Cadet Corps. Here's wishing all kinds of luck, Ed. D.C.M.

John Payette Meakins. This good old Scot came from across the water to B.C.S. in 1924, entering the Prep. He made first cricket team there. In 1925 he accompanied us to the Upper where he has endeavoured to make his mark. Not having lived very long on this side, he is not used to our sports and has been handicapped in trying for teams. But last year he carried off two cups on Sports Day, and we expect to see him add some more to his list in June. This year he has been Head Boy of G. Dormitory. John works hard in class, his one weakness is History (?). We hope to see him with us at McGill next fall where he expects to study medicine. D. C. M.

Ian Ogilvie. In 1923 a storm cloud blew over B.C.S., it burst, and down came Ian into the Prep. where he stayed until 1925. As a leading light on 2nd team football, a winner of the Strathcona Medal for shooting, Secretary-Treasurer of the Debating Society and a Head Boy he has made a name for himself, and as Business Manager of the Magazine he has been thoroughly efficient. He is headed for R.M.C. or McGill and the best of success we are sure awaits him there. D. C. M.

Peter Woodburn Blaylock. "Pete" arrived at B.C.S. in 1925, entering IIIA. Since that time he has made steady progress both in work and in sports. In 1928 he was on 2nd team football and a Sergeant in the Cadet Corps. This year he was made a Prefect, second in command of the Cadet Corps and Scorer of the cricket team. He

played middle on the 1st football team, and was captain of 2nd team hockey. He has also distinguished himself in swimming and boxing, and this year showed great financial ability as Business Manager of the Magazine. Pete is heading for McGill, where we all wish him the best of luck.

Herrick Oswald Lindsay Duggan. "Herry" made his first appearance at the School in 1924. He was put in IIIB and since then has accomplished much. He was a Prefect in 1927-28, but owing to his coming back late this year he has been senior Head Boy. In addition to this he has been Secretary of the Magazine and a Sergeant in the Cadet Corps. In football Herry first proved his ability in the 2nd team in 1925, and in '26, '27, '28 he played middle on the 1st team with great success. Unfortunately his services were lost to the team for the greater part of this season owing to a broken ankle. In hockey he was on the 2nd team in '26, and in '27, '28, '29 he played defence on the 1st team. In 1928 he was on the 1st basketball team, and this year was manager. We shall all miss him next year, and we hope he will meet with success in his future undertakings.

P. F. S.

Hector Mansfield Howell. "Heck" came to B.C.S. in '25 and entered IIIA. In 1926 he was on the 3rd football team. He has been in the Dramatic and Debating Societies for three years and this year he has held the position of Secretary of the Debating Society. He has been Literary Editor on the Magazine Staff for two years. This year he was made a Head Boy. He hopes to go to McGill next year where he intends to study Law, and here's good luck to him.

I. B.

Donald Chipman Markey. "Little Napoleon" came in '23 to the Prep., where he was consistently successful, making all the first teams two years in succession. He was a prefect in his last year and took four prizes in the Remove. In '25, Don was shipped to the Upper, where he played on both Junior Hockey and Football teams, and took four more prizes. This year he is a Lieutenant in A Dormitory, and Secretary of the Debating Society of which he has been a member for three years. He hopes to go to McGill to study law. Good luck, Don!

J.F.M.

Charles Mills Drury. "Bud" came to B.C.S. in 1925 and has since won many laurels. He was on 3rd team football in '26, 2nd team football in '27, 1st team football in '28, 1st team basketball '28, 2nd team hockey, '28. He is also a Prefect, Lieutenant in the Cadet Corps, Vice-President of the Debating Society, and Business Manager of the Magazine. Bud has on top of this walked off with several prizes in his form each year. He intends to go to R.M.C. where we wish him luck.

T. R. K.

Thomas Ramsey Kenny. "Bill" came to the School in 1925 and has been one of the leading lights in sports ever since. He won the Junior Championship in 1926 and 1927, and has occupied important positions on all the first teams for the past two years. This year he was elected Captain of Basketball. He has consistently won or come very high in the boxing and track events in which he has taken part ever since his début. He is an outstanding debater and is this year M.C. of the Society. May Bill have all the luck in whatever he may attempt in future. He is School Champion in boxing this year.

C. M. D.

James Robert Simms. "Joe," after being a nuisance around Grand'Mère for several years, entered the Prep. in '23 where he starred on the cricket team. Joe was a Head Boy last year and this year is Head Prefect. He played on the senior football team last season with marked success and was goaler for the third hockey team. He is Drum-Major of the Cadet Corps. Joe expects to be at R.M.C. next year—Good luck, Joe.

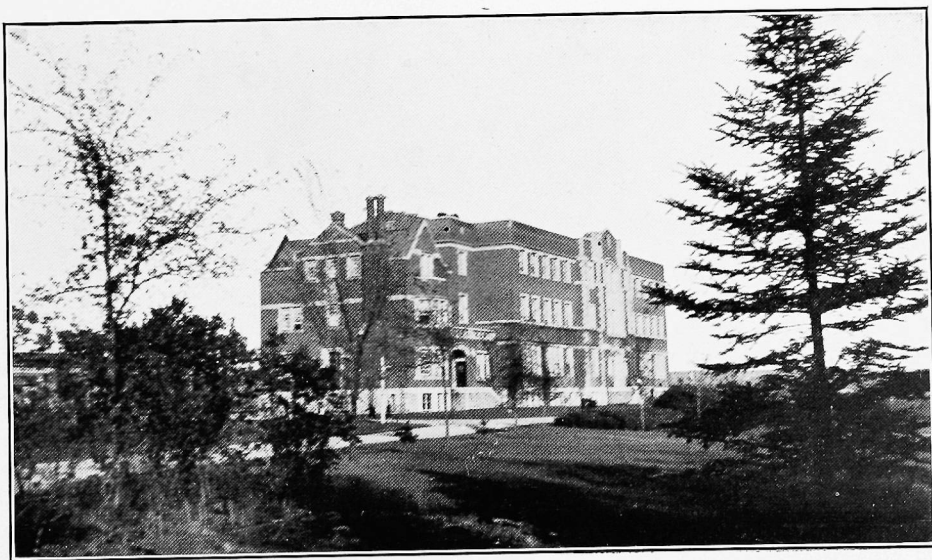
F. G. T.

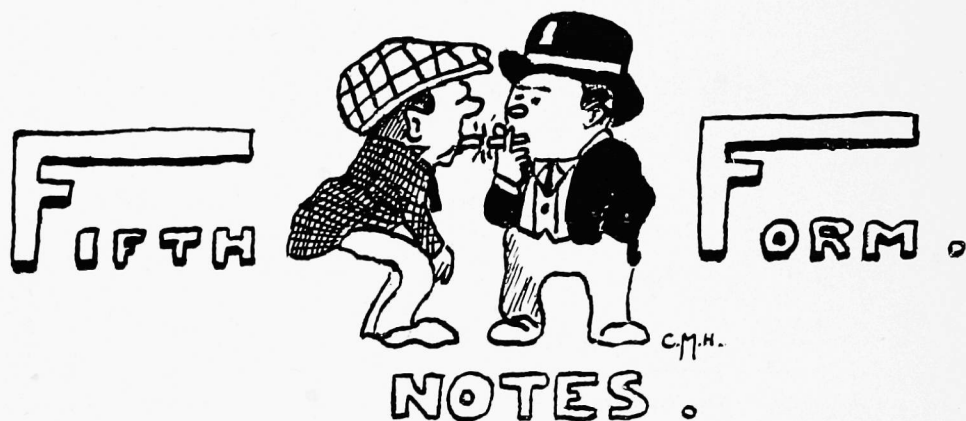
Frederick Gordon Taylor. "Gordie" came here in 1926. He was on 2nd team football for two years, and 1st team for one; on 2nd team hockey for one year and on 1st team for two; and on the cricket team for three years. This year, besides being a star on the football team, he was Captain of Hockey and Cricket teams, and Sergeant-Major of the Cadet Corps. He is a Prefect, and has been for two years Exchange Editor of the Magazine. It is hard to tell where Gordie will be next year, but wherever he is we wish him luck.

J. R. S.

Ian Breakey arrived at B.C.S. in 1924 and went into IIIB. He hails from Breakeyville and has passed successfully through the School. He has been on second crease football for two years. He holds the position of Sixth Form Editor on the Magazine Staff. He hopes to go to R.M.C. next year and we all wish him the best of luck.

Paul Geoffrey Sise came to the Prep. in 1923 where he made the Football, Hockey, Basketball and Cricket teams. The next year he won the Prep. all-round Championship. This year he is a Head Boy and is on the Junior Football and Hockey teams. He hopes to go to R.M.C. next year, but may have to wait a year owing to his extreme youth. Best of luck, Paul.





BAD BOY

I wonder when the night is dark,
 I tread forbidden ground;
 I rouse the Prefect's sullen bark
 And am in mischief found.
 Like other victims on this trail
 I to the office speed,
 For having thus with visage pale
 Done such unlawful deed.
 There is a master watching me,
 A fact I can't escape,
 And what I gain I faster lose
 In sharp, unpleasant shape.
 Though sometimes I enjoy myself
 And frolic all unseen,
 I'm sure to end before the Head
 And caned for what I've been.

G. S. L.

OUR GALLANT FIFTH

Our form is blest with seventeen
 Right goodly youths and merry,
 If some we find of baser mind
 Others are brilliant—some are very.
Barry is noted as our sage,
 From him **Aird** copies page for page;
Hadfield is advanced in Maths.,
Millar also treads these paths.
Rankin I is slow but sure,
 His eyes **Bob Davis** seem to lure.
Bishop's our jolly English lad,
 Poor **Turcotte's** fate looks pretty bad!
 The library claims **MacDougall I**
 As also **Weaver**, who helps him on.
 For Switzerland our **Patton's** bound.
Lynch came last term to smile around.
 We feel **McLernon** will do great things,
McEntyre might, but he works on springs,
Baldwin is seeking a lady's hand,
Johnston no doubt will do something grand.
Payan I has a sunny smile,
 Which we fear, alas, is not free from guile!
 Be that as it may, we're a worthy crew
 And if perchance you should think so too,
 We'll have gained the object to which we clung—
 That our gallant Vth may not pass unsung.

G. S. L.

A Literary Tale

Henry VIII, the Eighth Wonder, was travelling from London to Windsor, and as he was not in a hurry he said: "**Gentlemen, March**, I do not choose to run." On the way there were **Rivers to Cross** and as **The Bridge of San Luis Rey** was not at hand that King decreed: "**My Mystery Ships** will carry me across." On the other side they met **The Black Abbot** with his **Indian Drums** and his **Yellow Snake**. But the King's **Bulldog Drummond** jumped on the snake and killed him. A little further on the **Mad King** fell in with the **Black Gang** who were devastating the fields **With Fire and Sword**, and bringing **Retribution** on all **The Sowers**. The King gallantly rescued **Anna Karenina** who shouted "**Long Live the King**". She joined the King's company with her **Man from Glengarry**, but they were met soon after by the **Merry Wives of Windsor**, who made **Much Ado About Nothing**. "**Hell's Loose**" exclaimed the King, as they all cordially commended him to Dante's **Inferno**.

A. B. and S. L.

The Christian Scientist discovered a small boy sitting under an apple tree looking very sad. "What's the matter, my boy," he asked. "I've eaten some green apples and I've got a terrible pain." "No, no, you have not," he said, "you only think you have." The small boy retorted painfully, "You may think so, but I've got inside information."

Turcotte:—"McLernon asked me what poem I should think of if I were driving six donkeys."

Barry:—"We are seven, I suppose."

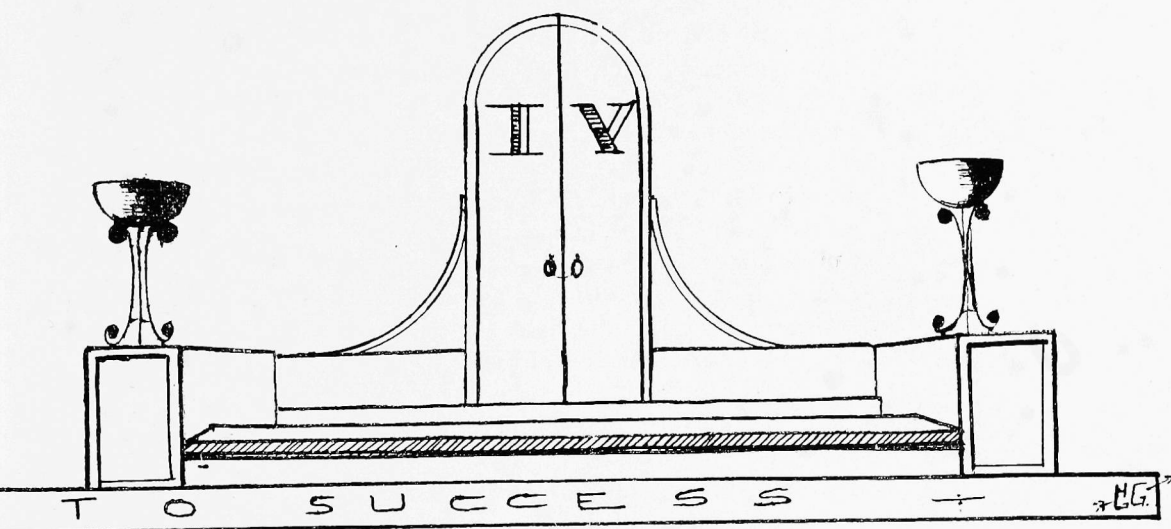
Registrar (making out birth certificate and looking at the calendar):—"Let me see, this is the 25th, isn't it?"

Mother (indignantly):—"No, certainly not, it is the third, two boys and one girl."

Mr. Moffat:—"Davis, when Charles I was beheaded where and on what did his executioner dine?"

Davis I:—"He took a chop at the King's Head."





As Mr. XYZ expects to see the Fourth Form in 1949:

In the year 1949 A.D., Mr. XYZ decided to pay an unheralded and informal visit to his former class mates of '29's Fourth Form. In Quebec he found **Mr. Hubbard** engaged in the gentle art of street cleaning with his partner and side-kick, **Mr. Ross**, holding the pail and **Mr. McGreevy**, ever plump and jovial, holding forth as Mayor of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. Travelling to Montreal on a freight train he imagined that the engineer's face was very familiar and on making such social advances as he deemed fitting he discovered that it was his dearly beloved chum **Mr. Sare**. Later he found that the brakeman was another long lost chum, by name **Mr. Wood**; and so he journeyed to the Canadian Metropolis in extreme comfort and elaborate style. Alighting from this downy advantage-seat at Mile End Station he hailed a taxi in his usual boisterous manner and set off towards his hotel. Before he had gone a block, however, the driver began to hum and he immediately recognized the voice as that of **Mr. Starke**, noted soloist (so lo(w) you can't hear him). Of course, Mr. Starke knew where all the boys were to be found and drove him to **Mr. Luther's** pool-room and soft drink emporium, where **Mr. Robb** was employed as Marker, general nuisance and private one. He also noted that the deaf and dumb beggar, reclining nearby, was that accomplished student and scholar **Mr. Boothroyd**. He dropped a penny in the unfortunate gentleman's cup, the sound of which brought forth an exclamation of joy and gratitude. Bidding his former cronies a tearful adieu he repaired to Childs' restaurant, where **Mr. Pierce** was employed as bouncer. The gentle soothing air of "Yes sir, she's my baby," palpitated through the room, the sonority of the singer's voice giving his disguise away—it was none other than **Mr. Gurd**, famous ginger ale king, and Mr. Starke's only rival in the field of syn-copated vocal prowess. The din was so unbearable that Mr. XYZ was forced to leave his delicious dish of Fowl pie and to stumble out into the gutter where two old friends, **Messrs. Patton** and **Clark** were chinning themselves on the curbstone. Weary of meeting such socially prominent people he set out for New York, where he hoped to find solace. Hav-

ing no money, he started off on foot. When he had got as far as Lachine whom should he meet but **Mr. Carter** and **Mr. Glass**, the former a pork butcher and the latter a vendor of choice peanuts, chocolates, chewing-gum, hot dogs and what have you?. Leaving them regretfully, he finally arrived at New York and enquired of a policeman the way to the Fitz Hotel, where, as he had been told, **Mr. Hess** was acting as combined elevator boy and night watchman. The policeman, who was a burly type, suggested that they have something to eat first, and Mr. XYZ immediately recognized **Mr. Aitchison**. When he at last arrived at the portals of the Fitz Hotel he was confronted by a very woe-begone and pitiful figure who asked for the loan of a nickel. This reminded Mr. XYZ of a former class-mate so much that he asked the beggar if he was not named **MacKinnon** and when assured that he was right Mr. XYZ was so overcome with pity that he procured for **Mr. MacKinnon** the job of road wiper to the city of Venice and then returned to his home city of Lennoxville where he never ceased to bemoan the figures that his friends were cutting in the society world.

C. O. G.

J'ever walk into a room
 At good old B.C.S.
 And almost fall into a swoon,
 Because there was no mess,
 And the boys were not all talking,
 Or jumping from their seat;
 Or making things look shocking
 And stamping with their feet?
 J'ever find them peaceful
 And looking calm and warm?
 If you did t'was not deceitful,
 But the usual good Fourth Form!

J. N. PIERCE

Hub says:—

Both beautiful and dumb

My own sweetheart must be,

Beautiful, so I'll love her,

And dumb, so she'll love me.

Oggie calls his girl "Glucose" be-
 cause he says she's a sweet thing.

Have you ever seen a guy that's always done his prep.
 Or who in Monday gym, is always full of pep?
 Have you ever seen him study with the others having fun,
 And who in drill at 'quick march' sets off at a fast run?
 You will not see him here, we are very grieved to say,
 For he died, and he was buried and long since had his day.

There was a young fellow called Ross
 Who with sweet girls was terribly cross,
 One dame slapped his face,
 Oh, what a disgrace,
 On that worthy young fellow called Ross.



Things heard daily:

R. B. D.:—"Mr. Moffatt has my Arithmetic prep., Sir."

J. W. B.—(with full mouth)—"I'm not eating, sir."

D. M. R.:—"I'm not reading a book, sir, this is a magazine."

P. W. D.:—"Be excused, sir?" (searches in pockets), "Never mind, sir, its all right."

When Mr. M. comes in and asks for your Latin prep. be nonchalant and light a Murad.

What we should like to know:—

Who let the paper basket fall on the floor in Latin class?

How the Geometry prep. magically disappears the hour before Geometry period?

Why Rankin II always knows his Bible prep.?

How Grant got his curls?

Why Davis II is always late for class?

Why Langston is always caught writing letters in class?

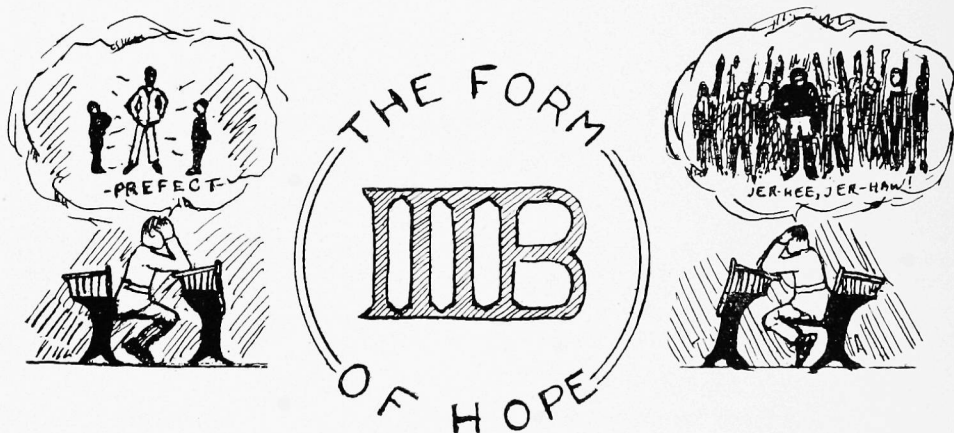
How often Dale does his Algebra prep.?

This has been a very successful year for IIIA. Many boys came up from the Prep. and other schools and added greatly to the intellectual average of the Form and also supplied ample and good material for the teams. We had two regulars on first team football, and altogether we had five on first crease football. In the winter our form showed up just as well, having three men on first crease hockey. This term we have three men on the cricket team and two others on first crease. We are all very proud of having Rob Mackay of IIIA appointed Head Boy of A Dormitory.

H. T. L.

What's the buzzing noise? Oh, just the theme song for a mosquito bite.

The absent-minded professor is dead. He jumped from an aeroplane and didn't open the parachute because it wasn't raining.



Three B. is the form of hope
 But with work it can hardly cope.
 Rankin comes out with a lot of wise cracks
 While Read only gives just the barest facts.
 Chadwick is the life of IIIB
 Howard comes up to Kimpton's knee.
 Walker and Riddell are two great chums,
 But you should see them in their tantrums!
 Johnny Dixon is a little swot,
 And Neill comes at the end of the lot.

D. M. N.

"Your drill has been a test of us;
 You've better made the best of us;
 You've much improved the rest of us;
 You've raised each sinking chest of us;
 You've much reduced each vest of us;
 You ever will be blest of us;
 North, South, East and West of us."
 Signed (With this sealed attest of us).

IIIB.

SCHOOL CALENDAR

- Jan. 9—Returned to School after Christmas holidays.
“ 11—Creases started.
“ 14—1st Team played Southern Canada Power, lost 4-2.
“ 19—Meeting of Debating Society.
“ 21—1st Team played Lacasse's Team, won 3-1.
“ 28—1st Team played Lacasse's Team, won 6-3.
“ 30—1st Team played U.B.C. 2nd Team, won 6-3.
- Feb. 2—1st Team played S.H.S., won 4-1.
“ 4—1st Team played Lacasse's Team, won 4-0.
“ 6—1st Team played U.B.C., draw 3-3.
“ 9—1st Team played L.C.C. in Montreal, lost 2-1.
“ 9—2nd Team played Loyola 2nd, draw 4-4.
“ 11—1st Team played Ashbury, won 1-0.
“ 13—1st Team played Dion & Rioux, lost 3-2.
“ 16—Meeting of Debating Society.
“ 20—1st Team played Dion & Rioux, draw 3-3.
“ 23—L.C.C. played 1st Team at Lennoxville, draw, 1-1.
“ 27—1st Team played S.H.S., draw 3-3.
- Mar. 2—Meeting of Debating Society.
“ 4—1st Team played S.C.P., lost 10-6.
“ 9—Meeting of Debating Society.
“ 12—1st Team played East Sherbrooke, won 2-1.
“ 16—Meeting of Debating Society.
“ 18—1st Team played East Sherbrooke, draw 2-2.
“ 23—Break-up Concert.
“ 27—End of Lent Term.
- April 8—Returned to School after Easter Holidays.
“ 15—Confirmation Service.
“ 16—Half-holiday, in honour of the Bishop's visit.
“ 20—Meeting of Debating Society.
“ 27—Meeting of Debating Society.
- May 11—1st Cricket XI played Magog, lost 74-67.
“ 18—Lord Willingdon visited the School.
“ 18—1st Eleven played Sherbrooke, won 97-44.
“ 20—Whole holiday in honour of Governor-General's visit.
“ 23—1st Eleven played L.C.C., won 167-112. (In Montreal).
“ 24—Empire Day, whole holiday.
“ 24—1st Eleven played Ashbury in Montreal, lost.
“ 30—Cadet Corps Inspection.
- June 3—King's Birthday.
“ 8—Breaking-up Concert.
“ 10—Exams begin.
“ 14—Sports Day.

HOCKEY TEAM**1929****Goal**

Read

Defence

Duggan

Defence

Taylor (Captain)

Forward

Riddell

Forward

Kenny

Centre

Coristine

Subs.—Davis I, Rankin I, Drury I, Glass.

Scorers: Kenny	10
Coristine.....	9
Taylor.....	4
Davis I.....	2
Duggan.....	2
Riddell.....	1
Rankin I.....	1
Glass.....	1
Drury I.....	1



FIRST TEAM, 1929

The Headmaster		Mr. Hawkins	
A. Read	H. O. L. Duggan	F. G. Taylor, Captain	T. R. Kenny
T. A. Riddell	C. O. Glass	C. M. Drury	E. S. Coristine
			R. W. Davis

Hockey

HOCKEY CHARACTERS

- Taylor.** Gordon is Captain of the 1929 team, plays left defence, did some brilliant work in that position, is very good on a rush and captained his team well. Weakness: The Chateau Apartments.
- Read.** "Crow" proved nothing less than a great goaler. The Pros. are looking him over and he's bound to be found in their ranks in the future. Weakness: Canadiens.
- Duggan.** "Herry" at right defence was a stumbling block to his opponents. Weakness: mud puddles!
- Coristine.** Ed, the brainiest centre in School hockey. "All good things are done up in small parcels," and this small parcel is a beautiful stick-handler and a perfect back-checker. Weakness: Maroons.
- Kenny.** Bill has turned in some fine games and will be a valuable man for next season. The more he plays the better he plays, and the better he likes it. Weakness: blushing.
- Riddell.** Tommy was born with a hockey stick in one hand and a pair of skates in the other. It is needless to mention his ability as a right wing. A valuable man for next season. Weakness: "loss of memory!"
- R. Davis.** Bob is an untiring, cagey player, very dangerous around an opponent's net. His swipe-check antagonizes his enemy, and he has a great hockey future ahead. Weakness: Trafalgar Institute.
- C. Drury.** Bud's wisdom teeth cut through this season and he learned what hockey was all about. A right wing who excels in bothering his man. He found where the goal was situated and there was no holding him. Weakness: insomnia.
- Glass.** "Og" is a clever back-checker and a busy player. He distinguished himself in the L.C.C. game by being in the right place at the right time. A hockey future ahead. Weakness: Lines.

B. C. S. vs. Southern Canada Power

This was the opening game of the season and we lost 4-2. As it was only the second time that the School team had been on the ice it was not such a bad beating considering we were playing an Industrial League team that had already played several matches. Southern Canada opened the score. Bishop's came back strong and Duggan scored on a lone rush to tie the game, only to be followed by two successive goals for S.C.P. But it was not all over for B.C.S., as Rankin I put in a well-aimed shot. Just before the final whistle Lacoste tricked through the defence for a final goal.

On the whole the team played very well and it looked as if the School were out for a good season.

B. C. S. vs. Lennoxville

This game resulted in a 3-1 win for B.C.S. The first period ended 1-1, Coristine scoring for Bishop's. In the following periods Kenny made the score 3-1.

B. C. S. vs. Lennoxville

A few nights later Bishop's played the same team and won by a much higher score. The game started with 3 goals from Taylor in the first five minutes. The other scorers were Coristine, Kenny and Davis. making the final score 6-3.

B. C. S. vs. Sherbrooke High**Played a Tie Draw**

For the second time the Bishop's College School hockey team met the Sherbrooke High School, when they played a game on the B.C.S. rink yesterday afternoon. The first game resulted in a 4 to 1 victory for B.C.S. and the game yesterday resulted in a three for all tie. The Sherbrooke team arrived too late to allow any overtime period to be played. The game was fast and few penalties had to be handed out.

The line-up:—

B.C.S.		S.H.S.
Read	goal	Harper
Taylor	defence	Newton
Duggan	defence	Guild
Coristine	forward	McHarg
Kenny	forward	L. Guild
Riddell	forward	Banks
Davis	subs	Blue
Glass	subs	Evans
Drury	subs	A. Armitage
----	sub	J. Reid
----	sub	D. Armitage

B. C. S. vs. L. C. C.**Lower Canada Beats Bishop's in Hockey Tilt**

A sparkling bit of hockey on the part of Donnie Gatehouse in the waning moments of the game gave Lower Canada College a 2-1 decision over Bishop's College School, of Lennoxville, in an exhibition school contest at the Forum this morning, which saw the Lower Canada College defenceman rush down the ice near the end of the game and score the winning goal.

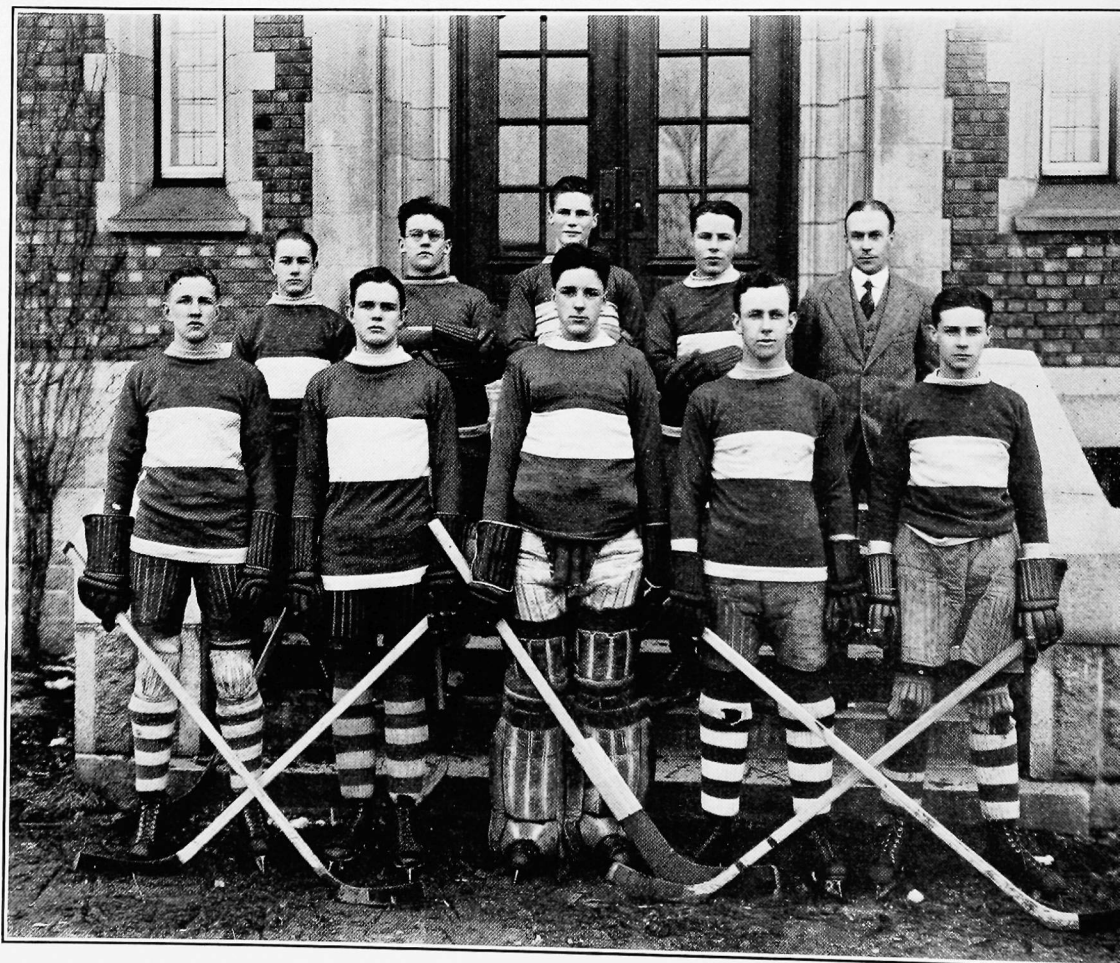
The visiting team from the Eastern Townships found the Forum ice very strange to them in the early part of the game, and for a while were lost on the large surface, but as the time progressed they became more accustomed to the surroundings and gave Lower Canada a hard fight for the honors all the way.

The game was scarcely four minutes spent before the local collegians stepped into the lead, and it was Gatehouse who gave them the advantage over the visiting hockeyists. Stopping a Bishop's rush at his blue line, Gatehouse secured the puck and streaked down-ice. He swept through the Bishop's defence and drove a hard shot at Read that found the back of the Lennoxville net.

Bishop's Strong Come Back

This set-back spurred on the purple and white puck chasers and they pestered Somerville in the Lower Canada goal with shot after shot. Finally Glass penetrated the Lower Canada defence on an individual effort, and drove the puck past Somerville, to tie up the score.

The final period saw both teams play fine hockey with the honors about evenly divided. Lower Canada had a fine chance to break the deadlock when two Bishop's men were banished at the same time, but the remaining players repulsed the efforts of the aggressive Lower Canada forwards, and held them at bay until they were at full strength again.



SECOND TEAM, 1929

R. W. Davis	D. M. Rankin	C. M. Drury	S. McCallum	Mr. Hawkins
R. G. Mackay	P. W. Blaylock, Capt.	W. S. Patton	D. A. Hadfield	C. O. Glass

As the minutes slipped by it appeared as if the teams would finish all square, but two minutes and a half before full time young Gatehouse again stepped into the lime-light with his winning counter. He cleared from behind his goal and raced down the right boards. He evaded the back-checking Bishop's forwards and cut in at the defence, to let drive a high shot that sailed over Read's shoulder into the top corner of the net. Lower Canada were playing a man short at the time, due to a penalty.

The line-up:—

Bishop's College—1		Lower Canada—2
Read	goal	Somerville
Duggan	defence	Johnson
Taylor	defence	Gatehouse
Coristine	centre	Mickles
Kenny	wing	Carsley II
Riddell	wing	Thomas
Drury	subs	Ebbitt
Davis	subs	Burpee
McCallum	subs	Fraser
Glass	sub	—

Referees—Frank Carlin, Jimmy Town.

The Summary **First Period**

- 1.—Lower Canada College, Gatehouse, 4.40.
- 2.—Bishop's College School, Glass, 5.10.

Second Period

- 3.—Lower Canada College, Gatehouse, 17.20.
- Final score:—Lower Canada College.....2
Bishop's College School....1

From the Standard, Montreal.

B.C.S. vs. Ashbury

Bishop's Beat Ashbury Team by 1-0 Score

The annual hockey match between Ashbury and Bishop's College School at the Forum here resulted in a win for the latter by a score of 1-0. These old rivals can always be counted upon to put all they know into the game, and this battle was no exception. Ashbury were heavier and their forward line proved to be the faster, but Bishop's covered well and checked so closely that the Ashbury combination was shattered early in the game. Shortly before the end of the first period Coristine, Bishop's centre forward, batted in the puck from a face off in front of the Ashbury goal. For the balance of the game Bishop's played sterling defence, back checking their opponents to a standstill. The latter were over anxious and threw themselves into frenzied solo rushes which generally ended either in losing the puck or in long shots. The final whistle found Ashbury still attacking and Bishop's stone-walling all their efforts.

For the losers, Gilmour, Southam and Bates played the best games, while Read in goal for Bishop's was unbeatable, and Coristine, Taylor and Riddell were the pick of the rest.

Ashbury

Gilmour	goal
Stanfield	defence
F. Bates	defence
Smellie	forward
Fouquier	forward
Southam	forward
Craig	subs.
Beardmore	subs.
Gausden	subs.
T. Bates	subs.

B. C. S.

Read
Duggan
Taylor
Riddell
Coristine
Kenny
C. Drury
Glass
R. Davis

Referees:—Frank Carlin and Jimmy Towne.

Considerable interest attaches to the game to be played between L.C.C. and Ashbury, since the former have the credit of a close win over Bishop's by a score of 2-1. The return game between L.C.C. and B.C.S. will be played February 23rd at the latter's rink in Lennoxville.



JUVENILES, 1929

Mr. Hawkins	R. McLernon	J. A. McClure	J. R. Simms	R. G. Devlin	Mr. Montague, Coach
T. A. Patton	M. S. Grant	H. E. Wilson	G. W. Millar	G. H. MacDougall	

B. C. S. vs. Dion & Rioux

After our return from Montreal we were defeated by Dion and Rioux, then heads of the Industrial League, the final score being 3-2. The scorers were Coristine and Duggan.

B. C. S. vs. L. C. C.

The game opened with fast rushes from both teams, Gatehouse sending long shots from the blue line which Read had no difficulty in stopping. The first period ended as it had begun, no advantage having been gained by either side.

In the din of the second period Kenny received a pass from Coristine and netted the rubber for a goal. L.C.C. then started to press the B.C.S. defence, but Taylor and Duggan held them off, and Read played his usual steady game in goal.

Gatehouse had continued his long shots, and in the middle of the third period he managed to make one that passed Read. After this, L.C.C. played a strictly defensive game, holding B.C.S. from scoring as the home team tried to break the tie.

The outstanding players for L.C.C. were Gatehouse and Summerville, while Coristine, Kenny, Taylor and Read all played very good hockey for B.C.S. The game ended in a draw of 1-1, and as L.C.C. had a lead of one goal from the match in Montreal no overtime was played.

B. C. S. vs. Sherbrooke High

The return game with Sherbrooke High resulted in a draw 3-3.

B. C. S. vs. Dion & Rioux

Bishop's, in a return game, were more successful with this team and it ended in a score of 2-2 after playing overtime. Scorers: Coristine and Riddell.

B. C. S. vs. Southern Canada Power

In a return game B.C.S. again lost by a score of 10-5 to a better team, giving in only after a hard fight in slush. Scorers were Kenny 2, Coristine, Drury I and Taylor, one each.

B. C. S. vs. East Sherbrooke

East Sherbrooke opened the score with a fast goal and looked to be the better team, but in the later periods they weakened under the Bishop's attack, Kenny and Coristine each putting in a goal to win the game 2-1.

B. C. S. vs. Julius Kayser

As this was the final game of the season B.C.S. were out for a win. Not being able to accomplish this they drew the score 2-2. Kayser's proved a fast and tricky team. Scorers: Coristine, Davis I.

B.C.S. vs. Loyola**Second Team Game in Montreal**

On Saturday, February 16th, the B.C.S. Second Hockey Team played the Loyola High School intermediates at the latter's rink in Montreal. On the whole the game was a good one, the play clean and fast; and although they were beaten the School made a very creditable showing.

The first period commenced with both teams attacking vigorously. Before five minutes of play had passed Glass scored the first goal for B.C.S. on a pass from Davis; and towards the end of the stanza the same player again tallied on practically the same

play, the assistance however, coming this time from Rankin. Loyola started the second period with a rush and continued on the offensive for the greater part of the period. Two goals by Daly, Loyola's right wing, tied the score. The first half of the third period was comparatively slow, but the play speeded up considerably towards the end. Davis skated up centre ice on a skilfully executed rush and passed to left wing where Glass was in correct position and made no mistake about lodging the puck in the net. Daly, however, evened the score a few minutes later, leaving the teams at the whistle in a 3-3 tie. During the overtime Loyola scored, but Glass circled the defence to beat the maroon-clad net minder and evened matters up once more. Loyola tallied the winning counter with less than 3 minutes to play, thus ending a closely contested match; the final score being 5-4. The School Team line-up was as follows:—

Goal.....	Patton II
Defence.....	Blaylock (Capt.)
Defence.....	Hadfield
Centre.....	Davis I
L. Wing.....	Glass
R. Wing.....	Drury I
Sub.....	Rankin II



MIDGET TEAM, 1929

Mr. Hawkins
J. N. Pierce
P. W. Davis

G. M. Luther
B. Drury
C. R. Payan

V. C. Harshaw

J. R. Sare

D. C. Markey

D. S. Gurd

Cricket

On our return from the Easter holidays we found our cricket prospects exceedingly bright. Mr. R. Eccles, formerly of Lancashire II and later of C.P.R. Recs., was on hand to coach us, and four of our old team were available. After playing and defeating the College XI our hopes for the success of the season rose high. However, in the second game, played against Magog on May 11th, we lost 67-79. The following are the scores and bowling analyses:—

School		Magog	
Davis I, b. Hyde.....	18	Milne, c. Riddell, b. Wilson.....	7
Paton II, c. Bradley, b. Hyde.....	4	H. Jackson, b. Wilson.....	7
Kenny, c. Milne, b. Hyde.....	24	Gaunt, c. Bishop, b. Kenny.....	2
Bishop, lbw., b. Hyde.....	0	Hyde, b. Kenny.....	0
Taylor, b. Holmes.....	6	Radeliffe, not out.....	38
Wilson, c. Milne, b. Holmes.....	0	Bradley, b. Wilson.....	3
Grant, c. Milne, b. Jackson.....	1	E. Jackson, not out.....	15
Meakins, b. Bean.....	6	Knell, b. Meakins.....	0
Glass, b. Hyde.....	3	Holmes, not out.....	5
Blaylock, b. Hyde.....	0	Potter, b. Meakins.....	0
Riddell, not out.....	0	Bean, not out.....	0
Extras.....	5	Extras.....	1
	67		79
Kenny, 2 wickets	2	Hyde, 5 wickets	25
Wilson, 3 wickets	11	Bean, 1 wicket	6
Meakins, 2 wickets	0	Jackson, 2 wickets	25
		Holmes, 2 wickets	6

B. C. S. vs. L. C. C.

This match, which was won by Bishop's College School by 55 runs, was played on the Lower Canada grounds. B.C.S. won the toss and batted first making 79 runs to L.C.C.'s 51 in the first innings, which was featured by Wilson's remarkable bowling for B.C.S. In the second innings Bishop's made 83 runs and L.C.C. 61.

B. C. S.	1st Innings	L.C.C.	
R. Davis, run out.....	8	Minnion, b. Wilson.....	2
W. Patton, b. Bradley.....	0	Johnson, b. Wilson.....	3
Luther, b. Minnion.....	9	Stevenson, b. Wilson.....	19
Kenny, lbw. Bradley.....	3	Willis, b. Wilson.....	0
Bishop, b. Stevenson.....	4	Steward, lbw. Kenny.....	1
Taylor, c. Stevenson, b. Roncarelli....	36	Bradley, b. Wilson.....	9
Glass, b. Bradley.....	0	Sweeting, lbw. Grant.....	0
Wilson, b. Sweeting.....	5	Webster, b. Wilson.....	5
Grant, b. Sweeting.....	9	Carsley, b. Grant.....	2
Doheny, c. Dodd, b. Roncarelli.....	0	Dodd, run out.....	5
Riddell, not out.....	0	Roncarelli, not out.....	3
Extras.....	5	Extras.....	2
Total.....	79	Total.....	51

2nd Innings

B.C.S.

R. Davis, lbw. Bradley.....	0
W. Patton, b. Bradley.....	1
Luther, lbw. Stevenson.....	4
Kenny, c. Stevenson, b. Bradley.....	16
Bishop, c. Stevenson, b. Bradley.....	44
Taylor, b. Roncarelli.....	8
Glass, b. Stevenson.....	0
Wilson, c. Webster, b. Sweeting.....	1
Grant, lbw. Stevenson.....	8
Doheny, b. Bradley.....	2
Riddell, not out.....	0
Extras.....	3
<hr/>	
Total.....	88

L.C.C.

Minnion, c. Bishop, b. Grant.....	1
Johnson, b. Riddell.....	36
Stevenson, c. Kenny, b. Grant.....	3
Willis, b. Wilson.....	0
Steward, lbw.....	1
Bradley, b. Riddell.....	8
Sweeting, c. Bishop, b. Riddell.....	2
Webster, c. Bishop, b. Riddell.....	4
Carsley, b. Kenny.....	3
Dodd, not out.....	0
Roncarelli, c. Glass, b. Kenny.....	1
Extras.....	2
<hr/>	
Total.....	61

B. C. S. vs. ASHBURY

Ashbury won the annual match with B.C.S. at the McGill Campus on the 24th of May by an overwhelming score. B.C.S. won the toss and batted first, only making 69 runs, while Ashbury made 211 for 4 wickets and then declared. On account of the wet ground in the morning there was time for only one innings.

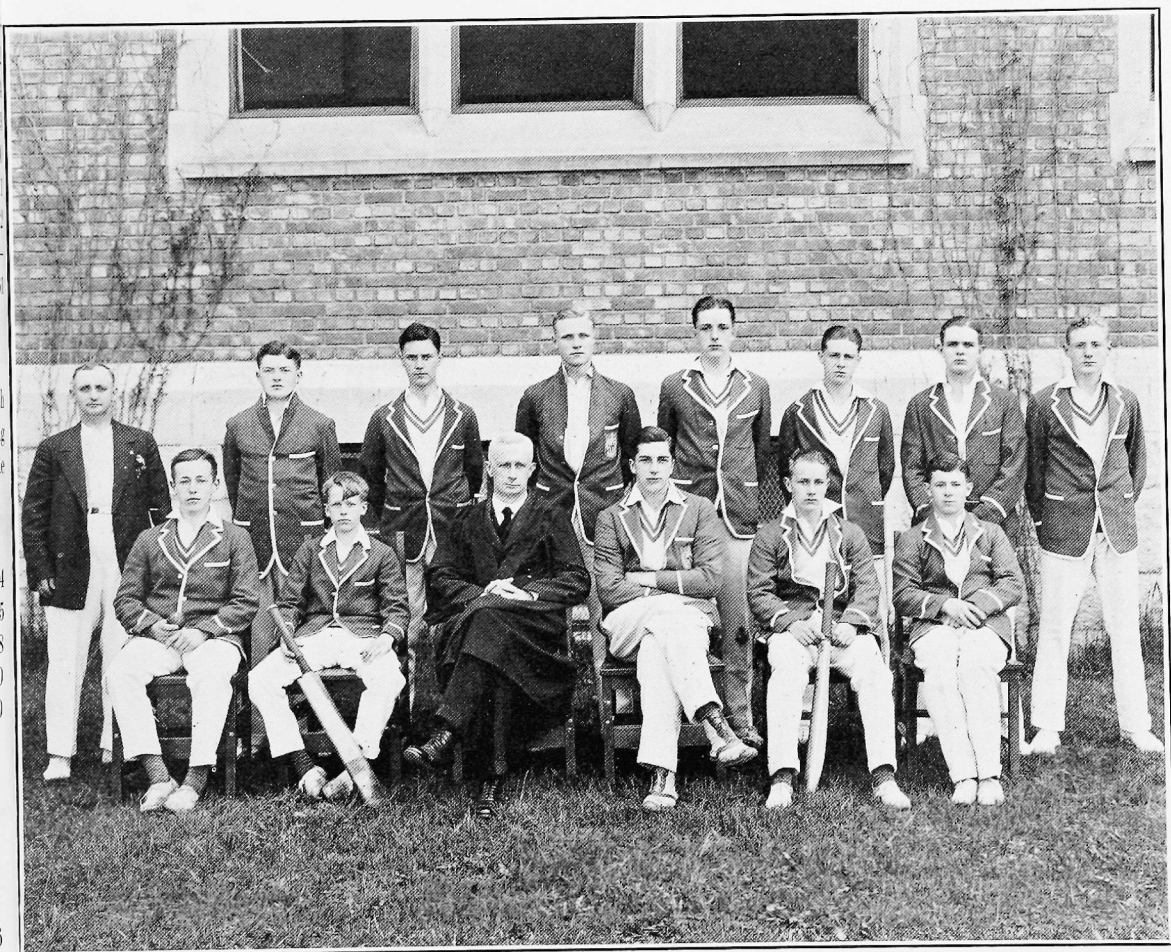
B.C.S.

Davis, lbw., b. Gillies.....	30
Patton, run out.....	1
Kenny, c. and b. Fauquier.....	5
Luther, c. Beardmore, b. Fauquier.....	0
Bishop, c. Elwood, b. Fauquier.....	3
Taylor, b. Gillies.....	5
Glass, run out.....	1
Wilson, c. Beardmore, b. Smellie.....	5
Grant, lbw., Smellie.....	3
Riddell, c. and b. Gillies.....	5
Doheny, not out.....	0
Extras.....	11
<hr/>	
Total.....	69

Ashbury

Bonnar, c. Doheny, b. Grant.....	24
Gausden, b. Bishop.....	75
Southam, std. Taylor, b. Doheny.....	18
Beardmore, c. Davis, b. Bishop.....	20
Fauquier, not out.....	70
Smellie, did not bat.....	
Robinson, did not bat.....	
Perodeau, did not bat.....	
Henderson, did not bat.....	
Elwood, did not bat.....	
Gillies, did not bat.....	
Extras.....	6
<hr/>	
Total.....	211

FIRST CRICKET TEAM, 1929



R. Eccles, Coach J. Bishop H. Doheny T. R. Kenny W. Patton O. Glass P. Blaylock M. Grant
H. Wilson G. Luther S. P. Smith, Esq., Headmaster F. G. Taylor, Capt. R. Davis T. Riddell

GYMNASTIC COMPETITION

The Annual Gymnastic Competition was held on Tuesday, March 19th, commencing at 9.30 a.m.

The various classes were closely and keenly contested throughout. The different exercises were performed with a smartness and precision which was very creditable to the boys competing, showing that a lot of hard practice had been put in to enable them to reach such a high standard of efficiency. The organization worked out with systematic smoothness, the results being shown on the board, with points in detail before lunch. We appreciate the kindly interest taken in our work by the judges, realizing the great inconvenience that they are put to in devoting a whole morning in the middle of a busy week to our benefit.

Lt.-Col. J. K. Keefer and Capt. A. Routier, as District Cadet Officers, came from Montreal especially to witness the competition. Lt.-Col. Keefer stated that in his opinion "In general appearance and posture the members of the classes showed improvement over the preceding year. The starting and finishing positions of all members were very good and the performance of the exercises showed good form." (Sgd.) J. K. Keefer, Lt.-Col., D.C.O., M.D. 4.

Lt.-Col. S. E. Francis was with us again as Chief Judge, his remarks being as follows:—"I notice a decided general improvement, first in the outfit; secondly, the start and finish of all exercises was good; thirdly, the general average of the competitors showed a marked improvement over former years, the whole reflecting great credit on the Instructor and his methods." (Sgd.) S. E. Francis.

Exercises were set on the usual apparatus, viz:—

Horizontal Bar, judged by Colonel Francis.

Parallel Bars " " Lieut. S. W. Williams, C.O.T.C., Bishop's University.

Vaulting Horse " " W. G. Dustan, Esq., Prep. School.

Ground Work " " Col. Francis.

Pair Rings " " Lieut. Williams.

The winners in the various classes were:—

1st Class—(Highest possible points 200).

1st Hadfield, 190.

2nd Aitchison, 179.

3rd R. W. Davis, 170.

2nd Class—(Highest possible points, 220).

1st Chadwick, 208.

2nd Baldwin, 205.

3rd Patton, 200.—(Not eligible to compete for prize, having won in the same class the previous year).

4th Walker, 198.

3rd Class—(Highest possible points, 170).

1st Wood, 162.

2nd Drury II, 159. Millar, 159.

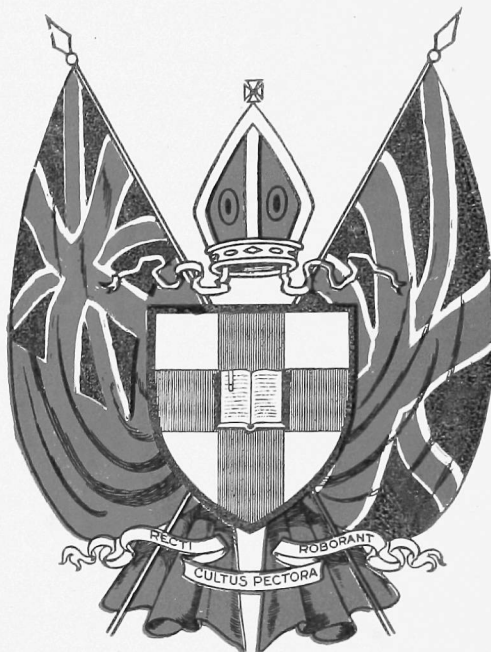
4th McClure, 158.

5th Payan II, 157. Sare, 157.

The Captain C. S. Black Prize for greatest improvement in gymnastics during the year was won by P. Aitchison.

EXCHANGES

- "Acta Ridleiana"*, Ridley College, Ont.
"Acta Studentium", Vaughan Road High School, Toronto.
"Albanian", St. Alban's School, Brockville.
"Anvil", Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.
"Argus", Appleby School, Oakville, Ont.
"Ashburian", Ashbury College, Ottawa.
"Asheville School Review", Asheville, N.C.
"Beaver Log", Miss Edgar's School, Montreal
"Bishop Strachan School Magazine", Toronto
"Black & Gold", St. John's College, Winn.
"Brimmerwrites", Brimmer School, Boston.
"Black & Red", University School, Victoria.
"Blue & White", Rothesay Collegiate School, N.B.
"Branksome Slogan", Branksome Hall, Ont.
"Campbellian", Campbell College, Belfast.
"Cargilfield Chronicle", Edinburgh.
"Choate News", Choate School, Wallingford, Conn.
"College Times", Upper Canada College, New York.
"Columbia Jester", Columbia University, New York.
"Collegiate", Sarnia, Ont.
"Dumbel" Sherbrooke High School.
"Felstedian", Felstead College, Essex, Eng.
"Fettesian", Fettes College, Edinburgh.
"Goal", Royal Canadian Dragoons, St. John's, Que.
"Golden Rod", Quincy High School, Quincy.
"Gilman News", Gilman County School, Baltimore, Md.
"Haileyburian", Haileybury, England.
"Harrovian", Harrow School, England.
"Helliconian", Moulton College, Toronto.
"Hermes", Nutana Coll. Institute, Sask.
"Hotchkiss Lit.", Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.
"Horae Scholasticae", St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H.
"Junior Journal" Princeton, N.J.
"Lit.", Lawrenceville School, N.J.
"Liverpool College Magazine", Liverpool.
"Loomis Log", Loomis Institute, Windsor.
"Ludemus", Havergal College, Toronto.
"Lower Canada College Review", Montreal.
"Lampadion", Delta Collegiate, Hamilton.
"McGill Daily", Montreal.
"The Megaphone", Newton, Mass.
"Moose Jaw Evening Times", Moose Jaw,
"The Nautilus", The Oliver Wendell Holmes J.H.S., Philadelphia.
"Now and Then", St. Paul's Academy, St. Paul, Minn.
"Oakwood Oracle", Oakwood Collegiate,
"Oracle" Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa.
"Orange & Blue", Milton Academy, Mass.
"Phoenix", Pawling School, N.Y.
"Port Weekly", Port Washington High School, N.Y.
"Quebec High School Magazine", Quebec City
"Red and Grey" Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan.
"Rossalian", Rossall School, England.
"Royal Military College Review", Kingston.
"Salt Shaker", Saskatoon.
"S.H.S.", St. Helen's School, Dunham, Que.
"St. Andrew's Review", St. Andrews College
"St. Maurice Valley Chronicle".
"St. Peter's College Magazine", Adelaide, Australia.
"Stanstead College Magazine", Stanstead,
"Stonyhurst Magazine", Stonyhurst College, England.
"Taft Oracle",
"Technique", Technical Institute, Montreal
"The Torch" Llanarthnay School, Edmonton
"Tripod", Roxbury Latin School, Boston.
"Twig", University of Toronto Schools.
"Trafalgar Echoes", Trafalgar Institute,
"Vox Lycei", Lisgar Collegiate, Ottawa.
"Vulcan" Central Technical School, Toronto
"Western Canada College Review", Western Canada College, London, Ont.
"Western University Gazette", University of Western Ontario, London.
"Windsorian", King's College School, N.S.
"Wolf Howl", Sudbury Tech., Ont.



SHOOTING NOTES

Miniature Rifle Competition, D.C.R.A. Winter Series (Cadets):—

Medals have been awarded as follows:—

Highest Score in the School—Cadet-Major T. R. Kenny, 96.33%.

Seniors, 2nd Class Medal Cadet I. Ogilvie, 94%.

Juniors, 2nd Class Medal Cadet W. H. C. Wallis, 92%.

“ “ “ “ Cadet B. Drury, 88.66%.

Senior Team average for the three shoots was 86.81%. This is a School record.

Average of Junior Teams:—No. 1, 83.33%; No. 2, 70.62%.

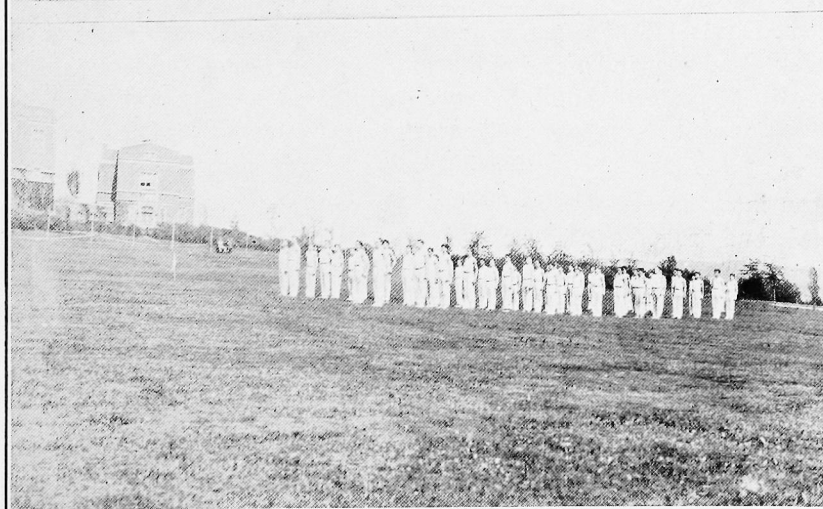
On March 12th a Miniature Rifle Shooting Competition between the 1st Sherbrooke Regiment and B.C.S. Cadet Corps was held. The scores were as follows:—(Highest possible score 100).

1st Sherbrooke Regiment

Pte. Glass.....	98
Major George.....	97
Pte. Logan.....	95
Sgt. Pankovitch.....	94
Sgt. Seaward.....	94

B.C.S. Cadet Corps

Cadet Wallis.....	97
Sgt.-Major Fisher.....	93
Cadet-Major Kenny.....	92
Cadet-Lieut. Blaylock.....	90
Cadet-Bugle-Major Patton.....	89



PHYSICAL TRAINING—INSPECTION DAY

Boxing

First Round—Bantam Weight

McCaffrey vs. Luther. The midgits went after each other from the start, Luther conceding 16 lbs. His opponent played for the head with his right, and from Luther's far away look it seemed as though he were listening to the singing of the birdies. Pluckily he kept on fighting and made McCaffrey earn the winning points.

Drummond vs. Drury II. This set-to was a trifle slow at first, but introductory wallops broke the ice, so to speak, and our pugilists were out for gore. Drury took the aggressive and shot successfully to the face, but Drummond had a stout guard and a wicked comeback. By making the fighting and landing more frequently, Drury took the contest.

Dixon vs. Neill. The former launched a swinging two-handed attack which seemed to rattle the enemy. Neill had a fair defence but did not fight back, and took enough flying leather on the chin to satisfy the judges that Dixon was the better scrapper.

Buchanan vs. MacDougall II. The latter uncoiled his trusty right and flung it at the other's head for a whole round before perceiving why it failed to connect. "Buck" goes on the principle—save the chin and you save all—so MacDougall shot for the body thereafter, and when the other's guard dropped jabbed for the face. It was a good mill, MacDougall winning out by aggressiveness.

Featherweights

Pierce vs. Barry. Pierce uncovered some nice footwork to keep away from Barry's straight drives with both hands. The latter would not be stopped and was beginning to score when Pierce wrecked the thumb on his hitting hand. Awarded to Barry.

Wood vs. Davis II. From the gong they went to it, Davis a shade the more aggressive and Wood showing a cool and resourceful defence. The latter deserves credit for fighting with a sprained thumb. Davis maintained a whirlwind attack, took some punishment and waded in for more. Aggressiveness won the verdict for him.

Wallis vs. Payan II. Wallis flicked his left over at every opening, through he frequently ran into the other's short jabs. Payan fought doggedly but his opponent varied his style and proved a more skilful boxer. The honours went to Wallis for a neat performance.

Hubbard vs. Wilson. Hubbard took the lead but ran into a straight left so often that he began hitting short and missing. Wilson jabbed steadily onward, scoring on both his attack and his opponents wasted efforts. General effectiveness won the bout for Wilson.

Riddell vs. Sare. When a fighter opens with both hands, switching swiftly for face to body and back again, and for good measure chucks in some crafty footwork, he is hard to stop. This was Sare's difficulty in meeting Riddell, but he was so busy with

defence that he had little time to sock indiarubber Tommy. And the latter discovered that Sare was no easy target. This was a nifty bout, believe our aged judgment, and we hand it to both boys. Riddell won, but he'll tell you himself the margin was small.

Lightweight

Baldwin vs. Weaver. Baldwin had the longer reach and soon proved to be the faster, both with his hands and in footwork. Weaver has a sound defence to the head and sent some wicked returns, but his opponent frequently danced out of trouble and returned swiftly to attack with both hands. No slow moments in this fracas, which Baldwin took.

Duncan vs. Davis I. Although this affair was a foregone conclusion in Davis' favour, the younger and less experienced Duncan deserves high praise for stepping out as he did to make an interesting fray. He was nervous, but never faltered under punishment. Davis boxed easily, swiftly and skilfully, and showed a variety of talent—his sportsmanship appeared in winning less decisively than he might.

Dale vs. McClure. More blows were struck in this joust than in any two previously. Dale is fast with both hands, McClure is more rugged and bores in through a shower of gloves to sink his left amidships. Attack veered from one to the other, defences were about equal, but McClure had to take several to land one. A rousing battle with Dale just pulling out the winner.

Welterweight

McLernon vs. MacDougall I. McLernon unwrapped a sturdy set of lefts to the face, which were lucky to get by MacDougall's long reach. They boxed on very even terms, but the former had a shade better defence and made the little extra fighting which gave him the decision.

McEntyre vs. Patton I. Patton is a southpaw and this bothered his opponent who seemed to anticipate but was unable to prevent a steady left to body and right to head. McEntyre fought gallantly against an attack he could not ward off, and though Patton tired badly, he scored enough in the early stages to win.

Grant vs. Harshaw. Grant has a sweet left drive which often found its mark but did not stop his opponent. Harshaw bored in but met a good guard and that left to the face. Grant's footwork worked faultlessly with the timing and precision of his left jab. Steadily piling up the points he took a decided but not overwhelming victory.

Aird vs. Doheny. The former makes up in gameness what he lacks in experience, for Doheny kept on top of him with a flickering left. Aird fought back, but missed some good openings, for which the other was duly grateful after two days of cricket in Town. Doheny rapped the enemy often enough to cop the bout.

Middleweight

Lynch vs. Robb. Robb packs a heavy right which Lynch seemed powerless to ward off after the first few landed. Robb piled up so considerable a lead in the first round that he was given the decision.

Laing vs. Devlin. The former was soon outpunched, but how he absorbed two rounds of wallops to the head and was able to stage a rally is beyond the wondering scribe

to imagine. Laing did his best to attack but was frequently smothered in a shower of rights. Beaten but unbowed he weathered the two rounds, and Devlin will next meet as heavy a hitter as himself.

Turcotte vs. Millar. The long and the short of it got together here, and they were out for assault and battery, Millar with his long left to the head and Turcotte swinging viciously at the body because George's face was out of reach up there in the high altitude. Hammer and tongs they tore into it for two rounds and the old ring adage proved true—a good big man is better than a good little man. Millar's fight, after a slashing struggle.

Kimpton vs. Patton II. Patton gave away 35 lbs. here and against his huge opponent required skill and headwork to win. Kimpton was slow, but if the old sledge hammer had landed, his enemy might have quietly folded up and "babbled o' green fields," while a regiment of water-boys did their stuff. Patton, however, kept out of harm's way, got under and over Kimpton's guard, danced out of trouble and took a well-judged fight.

Second Round, May 27th to 29th.

Bantamweight

McCaffrey vs. Drury II. Drury delivered frequent upper cuts to the face as his opponent came in with head lowered. The latter relied on a straight right which landed less often than Drury's wallops, though more heavily. Drury ducked well, making McCaffrey miss in the second round. Drury's bout.

MacDougall II vs. Dixon. Four padded fists swinging steadily for two rounds—total distance travelled by said fists, 1 mile, 470 yards, total hits about 40, of which Dixon had the winner's share, mostly to his opponent's face. Terrible boxing, but a lovely scrap.

Featherweights

Boothroyd vs. Payan I. The former attacked throughout, but did not have the knack of getting his blows home—perhaps Payan's defence was too good. When the latter fought back, Boothroyd often ducked well. On the whole Payan was more effective—no doubt age and experience count for something. Payan's fight, though not by a wide margin.

Barry vs. Chadwick. Barry fought in his usual style, always coming in behind a straight left. Chad. wild, first with one hand, then with the other, and sometimes with both. Hand it to Chad., he kept on trying, but the knees are no place to swing at. Barry never let up and won comfortably.

Davis II vs. Wallis. This was Davis's fight from the start, for his opponent appeared nervous and Davis piled in to prevent his recovery. Wallis fast, but not effective in the toe-to-toe stuff. Davis' bout.

Riddell vs. Wilson. Relying on his reach Wilson waded in with right and left drives to the face. Riddell fought a clever retreating battle, luring the enemy on, only to hit and retire again. Generally his defence was good enough to prevent Wilson scoring, and he piled up enough points to win out.

Lightweight

Clark II vs. Gurd. This battle was rather cautious on both sides, for Clark had a good jab and Gurd a hefty uppercut, and each respected the other's blows. Also, both had an excellent defence, Gurd, however, scored oftener and took the bout.

MacKinnon vs. Glass. Glass is very fast with both hands and distributes his blows wherever there is an opening. MacKinnon was not exactly lavish with these, but at times was not fast enough to block everything. He has a useful left, but Glass was seldom there to receive it. A good show for the fans—Glass won.

Davis I vs. Dale. Here we saw a fighter against a boxer, with the former adopting the only tactics which could possibly succeed. He piled into Dale, but met a lightning defence and return attack. The boys were about equal in all departments, but Davis's aggressiveness turned the scale in his favour.

Mackay vs. Bishop. The latter's outstanding quality was gameness, for in weight, reach and ability Mackay had the advantage. Mackay's steady lefts to face, right to body, varied by an occasional upper cut, earned the winning points.

Carter vs. Hess. If looks could kill, Carter should have died an early and violent death! Foolishly, we recall thinking, he decided to give battle. Sound idea—for he frequently landed, received no damaging returns, and socked his way to victory.

McLernon vs. Patton I. Again Patton's right hand style proved the undoing of an opponent, for McLernon's generally good defence was unable to ward off his jab to the face and hook to the body. McLernon attacked too, but Patton is shifty on his feet and kept out of trouble. Patton's bout.

Grant vs. Doheny. The former soon had Doheny dizzy with lefts to the head followed by right upper cuts. Gore proved the effectiveness of his attack. Grant's by a wide margin.

Middleweight

Robb vs. Devlin. Two heavy hitters came together here, Robb playing for the body. Devlin a straight left to the face. Robb's defence weakened in the second round, while Devlin's ducking improved, and at the same time he was landing hard and often. Devlin went into the semi-finals.

Lightweight—Semi-Final

Glass vs. Gurd. The former is a much faster boxer and frequently got away with a left to face and right to body without a return. For variety he tossed in a few upper cuts. Gurd strove hard, but the pace was too hot. Glass qualified for the finals.

Welterweight—Semi-Final

Mackay vs. Carter. The former had it all his own way, for Carter tried in vain to land on his faster opponent, and when the latter attacked had little guard against a punishing left jab and right hook. Mackay's fight.

School Championship—First Round

Duggan vs. Kenny. Duggan is one of the hardest, toughest and most good natured fighters we have had in years and Kenny the ablest boxer. The former bored in from the start, but Kenny's footwork and defence made the heavy assault ineffective.

He is fast with both hands, especially the left, and scored many jabs to Duggan's face. This set-to was no teaparty, as the fans, contrary to custom, voiced their appreciation. The bout was exceptionally fast for a heavyweight affair, both being willing to mix at all times. Kenny took the decision and meets Hadfield (present champion), in the final.

(Concluded May 30th)

Featherweight—Semi Final

Davis II vs. Riddell. This bout brought together two fighters and both boys lived up to expectation. Davis took the aggressive and swung for the head. Riddell was superior in footwork and has a neat straight left. There was little to choose between the gladiators, but Davis's ruggedness and aggressiveness brought him the verdict.

Final

Davis II vs. Barry. The former used the same rushing tactics as in his previous go, but found stiffer opposition. Barry hits hard and gives no ground, but did not altogether solve Davis' swings. Also he was bothered by his opponent holding and hitting in the breakaway. The real skill of both boys was frequently sacrificed to heavy hitting. Davis won.

Lightweight—Semi Final

Davis I vs. Baldwin. The latter had height and reach in this go, but his opponent took the offensive and banged away for both rounds. Davis took some punishment, but handed out more than he absorbed in his tireless attack. Clever defence on both sides and not a dull moment in the scrap—decision to Davis I.

Final

Davis I vs. Glass. In this mix up Davis encountered the fastest opponent he had met so far, and the exchanges were furious. Both these boys can take it, and what Glass may lack in weight he makes up in speed. He had pluckily fought through the eliminations with a sprained thumb, but injured it so badly at the close of round one that he was unable to continue. Fight awarded to Davis I.

Middleweight—Semi Final

Patton II vs. Devlin. Past bouts have proved that Patton had good defence, but in this go he met a battler whose only aim was to break through. Devlin followed up with right and left drives to the head and in round two had Patton backing away and taking some punishment. Patton was short with his returns and seemed to be hurried. Devlin won.

Final

Devlin vs. MacCallum. The former had the good fortune to get into the finals without a fight, whereas Devlin had been through a tough semi-final half an hour previously. He pumped both hands to the face but found a good guard, and though he displayed some clever ducking, frequently met a whistling upper cut. MacCallum kept both hands high and socked hard. The issue was in doubt till late in round three Devlin showed the fatigue of two fights in one afternoon. MacCallum took the bout and the championship in this weight.

Bantamweight—Final

Drury vs. II Dixon. Dixon has only one idea in a scrap, and it is a sound one—hit hard and often. Drury never got set, though he frequently landed a left jab while retreating. Every jab he took merely spurred Dixon on to further effort, so he biffed, banged, barged and otherwise walloped his way to the decision.

Welterweight—Final

Mackay vs. Grant. This pair were very evenly matched in attack, defence and footwork. Both stuck to straight hitting and maintained a dizzy pace throughout. Mackay had a distinct edge for aggressiveness and by his heavier blows seemed to have the bout in hand. But Grant's rapid left was counting, sometimes without return, and on three fast rounds he took the decision.

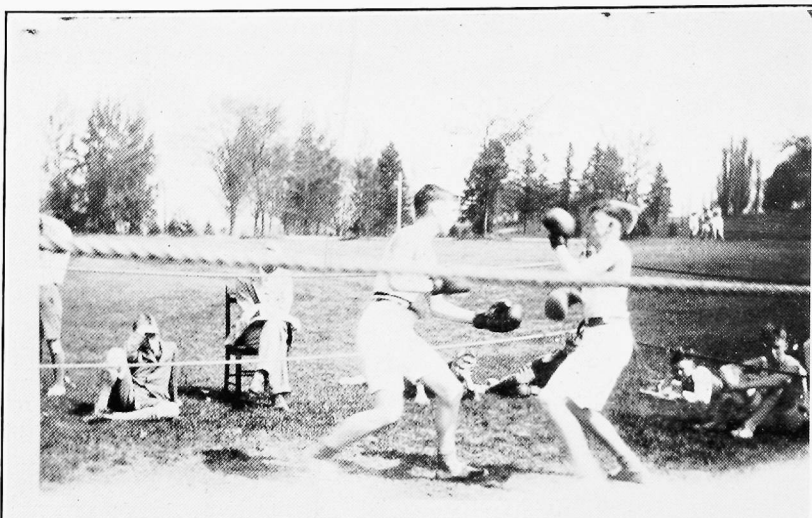
SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIP

Kenny vs. Hadfield (Defender, 1928)

Kenny is a superb boxer, who in 3 years of school fighting has developed an attack. Hadfield is a real scrapper who has developed both footwork and a splendid defence. The latter took the offensive with both hands for the face, and it took all Kenny's skill to keep him away. The latter was in trouble at the end of round two, which Hadfield failed to notice. Kenny came out stronger in round three, when his opponent showed the best ducking and side stepping in this year's bouts. Both slammed hard, without appreciable advantage either way. Round three found the defender tiring slightly, an advantage which Kenny followed up, taking the lead in swift rallies. It was a difficult bout to decide, but Kenny had a small margin on the whole. As a small friend of ours put it—"I'm glad to see Kenny win and sorry to see Hadfield lose." Just our sentiments, plus congratulations to the sporting winner.



DOHENY II DEFEATS HALLOWAY IN FINAL BANTAM WEIGHT, PREP.



NURSE

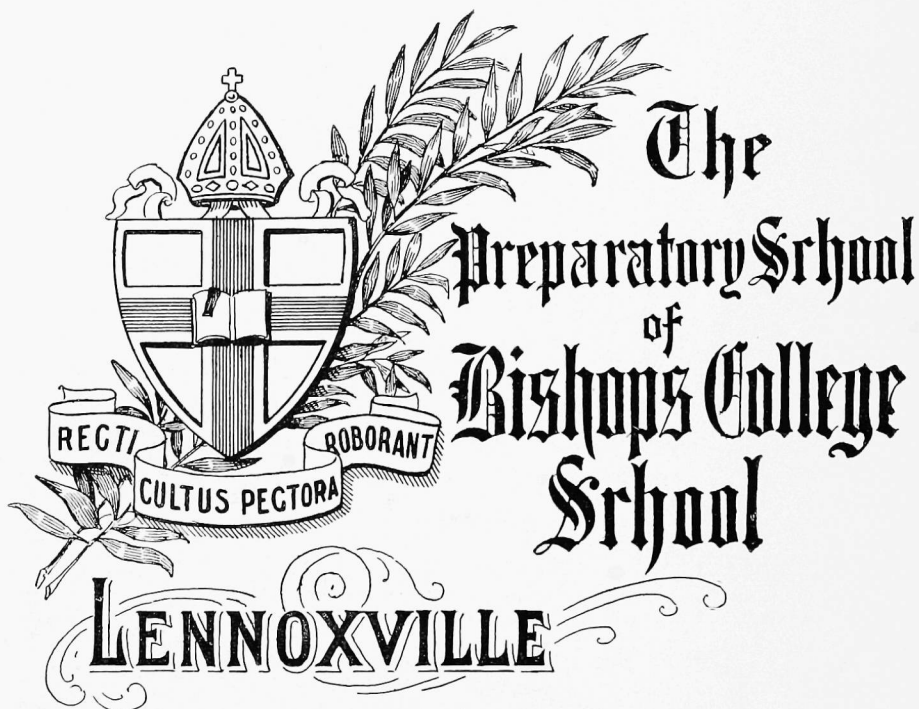


MATRON

UPPER FLAT DORMITORY

*“By all of all man’s hopes and fears,
And all the wonders poets sing,
The laughter of unclouded years,
And every sad and lovely thing;
By the romantic ages stored
With high endeavour that was his,
By all his mad catastrophies,
Make me a man, O Lord.”*

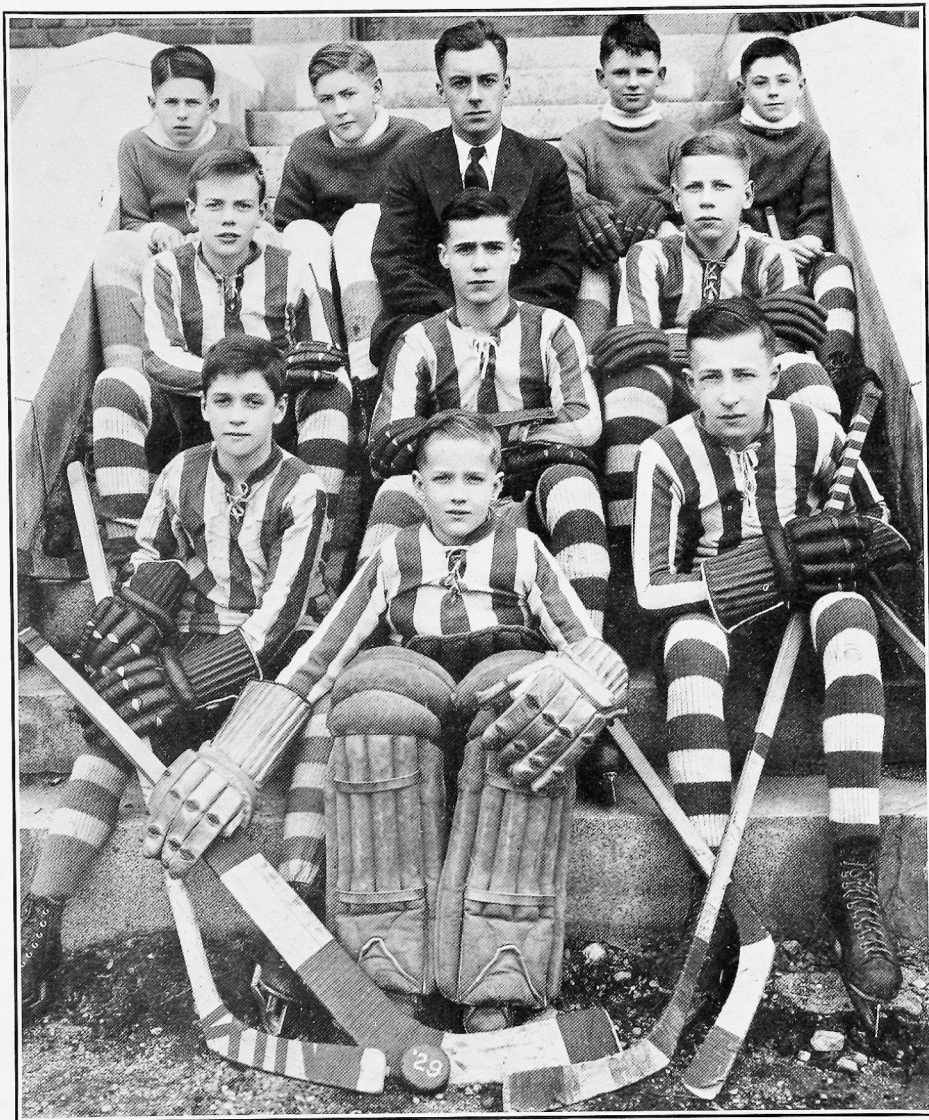
*W. N. Hodgson,
(who fell in the battle of the Somme)*



It is not easy to sum up in a few lines what is bound to be one of the most important sides of the life of a school. Although the chief aim of all Schoolmasters (second only to the formation of character) is to inculcate knowledge, it is singularly hard to say at the end of a year just what has been the result of our labours, there is at once so much and so little to consider. On the one hand, the bulk of our time is spent in dealing with the details of special subjects, while on the other the outstanding events, possessing an individual interest sufficient to warrant their mention in the School Magazine, are few. The result is that the casual reader, dazzled by all the exciting activities therein described, is apt to forget that as a matter of fact by far the greatest part of our energies is directed towards that important but (in the eyes of the young) not very thrilling pastime—the acquirement of knowledge.

On the whole we feel fairly well satisfied with the year's results. The School has been remarkably free from illness. Here it may be well to say that one of the clearest tests of the progress of boys is to compare the improvement of those who have done steady work with that of those boys who have suffered from loss of time through illness or other causes. It is marvellous how a short absence from school will affect a boy's studies, even long after he has returned to our midst. Such boys apart, we may say that the general progress has been satisfactory.

PREP. 1st HOCKEY TEAM



J. S. Pritchard,	R. D. Baker,	Mr. Lunan,	J. W. Duncan,	H. J. Sheppard,
E. C. Holloway,	D. Doheny, (Capt.)	R. A. Kenny,		
D. G. Cochrane,	R. Moncel,	H. A. McKinnon.		

PREPARATORY SCHOOL HOCKEY NOTES

The past hockey season was notable for the increased number of games played and their successful outcome, only one game being lost.

The series of Dormitory Matches was won by A Dormitory, while Mr. Wilkinson's table went through the season unbeaten.

After an interval of two years we met our old rivals, Selwyn House, at the Coliseum in Montreal, when we played them to a tie. A mishap prevented our goaler, Boswell, from playing, but Baker, who substituted for him, made a creditable showing.

Dan Doheny has proved himself a capable captain and held the scoring honours. Kenny and Holloway made a good defence, and Cochrane I and McKinnon played well on the wings. Our reliefs, Duncan and Pritchard, did well when called upon, and Moncel, who finished the season in the nets, is assured of a place on next year's team.

Doheny, Holloway, Kenny and McKinnon will enter the Upper School in the autumn.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL CRICKET

The season opened with a pick-up game on April 27th. The Dormitory matches are still undecided. Kenny's and Holloway's dormitories each having one game with a deciding game necessary to a win.

A game with the "Old Boys" is also not finished at time of going to press, the Prep. having scored 30 runs for 3 wickets.

The XI is made up of the following: Kenny II (Captain), Holloway, Doheny, McKinnon, Cochrane I, Luther II—all last year's colours—and Sheppard, LaCaille, Pritchard McEntyre, Morton.

Kenny, Holloway, Doheny and McKinnon are very fair bats; Pritchard has also made some useful scores.

McKinnon, Cochrane I, Luther I and Sheppard are quite useful bowlers.

We wish to congratulate Grant and Wilson, two of our last year's team, on obtaining their first XI colours in the Upper.

PREP. FIRST CRICKET TEAM, 1929



L. M. Morton P. McEntyre C. W. Lacaille A. Wilkinson, Esq. N. A. MacKinnon D. Doheny J. S. Pritchard
A. H. Luther E. C. Holloway R. A. Kenny, Capt. D. G. Cochrane H. J. Sheppard

PREPARATORY SCHOOL BOXING

The first round matches of the Prep. Boxing Competition were run off on Wednesday morning, May 22nd, with inspiring enthusiasm. A summary of the bouts follows:—

Electron Weight.....	Cochrane II (51) beat Lewis (56½)
Atom Weight.....	L'Abbé II (72½) beat Buckley (69) Kirby (78) beat L'Abbé III (68)
Midget Weight.....	Clarke (73) beat Robinson (75) Clarke beat Power (81) Luther (65) beat Moffat (75)
Mosquito Weight.....	Hume (91) beat Cross II (86) Moncel (72½) beat Pritchard (91) Cochrane I (71) beat Sheppard (77) Gilmour (87) beat L'Abbé I (81½) Paton (79) beat White (78½)
Fly Weight.....	Morton (88½) beat Cross I (86½) LaCaille (96½) beat Colditz I (95) Boothroyd (88½) beat McEntyre (89½) Packard (97½) beat Neale (92½)
Bantam weight.....	Doheny (121½) beat Colditz I (132) Kenny (118) beat Sidenberg (127½) Holloway (101) beat Parker I (100½) McKinnon (119) beat Duncan (104)

The second day of the tournament, May 27th, saw the crowning of three new champions and a number of excellent semi-finals. Buch (81½) who had drawn a bye in the last round of the Electron Weight defeated Cochrane II in a match of little damage but plenty of action. Both of the little fellows boxed well and drew considerable applause from the ring-side.

The final of the Atom Weight was won by L'Abbé II who defeated Kirby by a splendid two-handed attack.

Clarke is the new champion in the Midget Weight by virtue of his victory over Luther. Clarke bored in with a somewhat longer reach to score a point lead in the first round, but Luther managed to land several lusty smacks. Both boys hit hard and well.

The Mosquito Weights provided some good matches. Gilmour and Paton were the first to exchange punches; Paton was defeated, largely by Gilmour's longer left. Hume and Moncel were next. Moncel took the offensive with a vigorous two-handed attack but was forced to take more punishment than he gave, and in spite of his good intentions the bout went to his opponent by the veriest shade.

The matches in the Fly Weight class disclosed the finalists for the championship. Morton and LaCaille boxed well. LaCaille pressed vigorously, but Morton's guard saved him from damage, while piling up a lead in points. The other finalist was Boothroyd,

W. G. DUSTAN IN BETWEEN ROUNDS



SERGEANT MAJOR FISHER, COCHRAN II AND BUCH ELECTRON WEIGHT

who won from Packard. The latter was the aggressor, but Boothroyd's punches had more accuracy. He used to advantage a somewhat unorthodox over-arm swing which his opponent found difficult to guard.

It was natural that most interest should have been felt in the Bantams, who also disclosed their finalists. Holloway and McKinnon were the first to open hostilities. McKinnon had a longer reach, but Holloway's plucky attack on a hard-hitting opponent gained him the slight advantage needed to win. Perhaps the best bout of the morning was the semi-final between Doheny and Kenny. For those who like to see spirited action and enthusiastic hitting this match left little to be desired. The first round was Doheny's by a small margin. Kenny was neatly sent off his feet by a hurricane of left and right jabs; but scrambled up and before long retaliated in kind by sending Doheny to the ground. The second round was as good as the first, both boxers fighting hard for a point lead. Doheny eventually took the bout by a slim margin.

The remainder of the finals were decided on Wednesday, May 29th.

The first battle was the last semi-final of the Mosquito Weight, when Cochrane I and Hume met in a brace of good rounds. Hume, especially in the first round, was the aggressor, Cochrane, having difficulty in penetrating the taller boy's guard. He hit well, however, while himself presenting an excellent defence, and was given the decision. In the finals of this Class Cochrane and Gilmour were the contestants. Both boys seemed to like boxing at long range, but Cochrane bored in and was ahead on points in the first round. In the later stages Gilmour did well with his longer reach. Both were very inaccurate at times, but Cochrane at length began to score lightly but repeatedly at closer range. He was given the decision and the championship.

The Fly Weight class, as represented by Morton and Boothroyd, was also a long range battle. Boothroyd behind a longer reach played a waiting game, and rather inadvisedly allowed Morton to do most of the leading. Morton scored a knockdown just before the end of the first round. Boothroyd in the second round began to attack, once sending his opponent to the ground with a bump; but Morton still scored repeatedly Boothroyd being unable to overtake his opponent's lead. The title accordingly went to Morton.

The "big" bout of the day was the Bantam Weight final which represents the Prep. Championship, between Doheny and Holloway. Doheny pressed the fight throughout, scoring long lefts and rights. Holloway, however, was always aggressive and pluckily disputed for every point. Doheny gained the decision, but a special compliment was given by the referee to the runner-up on the splendid account he had given of himself.

W. G. D.



REMOVE NOTES

DORMITORY

The master comes around each night
To put out all the lights;
And when the dormitory is dark
We start the pillow fights.

There is such an awful row!
The master pounces in
But at the opening of the door
There's not a trace of din.

And then he looks around,
While everyone feigns sleep;
When he comes close to look at you
Who can a straight face keep?

THE RABBIT

A rabbit came through the woods one day
But when it saw me it stood at bay;
My kodak was ready a picture to take
When a second look sent it off in a shake.

THE IDLE BOY

In prep. he sits and wonders
How long before his bath,
The master sees him idling
And he treads the trodden path.

Into the office then he goes
With a sad look on his face,
For to the boys the Head's abode
Is the most dreaded place.

Master (in English Grammar class):—"What are the principal parts of Love?"
Boy:—"He, she, and it."

The dinner party was over. The men had all eaten heartily and expensively. At the corner of the table a lone Scotchman strove to make himself inconspicuous when the bill arrived. Suddenly to every one's surprise he spoke up: "Just leave the account for me, I'll take care of it." They obeyed. Item in the newspapers next morning: "Scotsman murders waiter of famous restaurant."

Just Punishment

'Tis an awful dreadful feeling
 When you bend o'er the Chair,
 You hear the swish, swash of the cane,
 And wish you were not there!
 But after that when you come out,
 A radiant smile is on your face,
 Hurrah! Hurrah! you almost shout,
 For once you'll keep your place.

IIA NOTES

Imp:—"Say, why do they measure the ocean in knots?"

Simp:—"Well, how else would they get the ocean tied(tide)."

Lady in Pet Shop:—"I would like this dog but his legs are too short."

Salesman:—"Too short? Why all four reach the floor!"

"What is your son taking at College?" "All we can send him."

Bertha (indignantly):—"You had no business to kiss me."

Bob:—"But it wasn't business, it was pleasure."

Judge, sharply:—"Are you the defendant in the case?"

Mild-eyed Prisoner:—"No, sir, I have a lawyer to do all the defending. I'm only the man who stole the goods."

There once was an old man of Wealing,
 Who had an indelicate feeling,
 When he read on the door
 "Don't spit on the floor,"
 He jumped up and spat on the ceiling.

First Fisherman:—"Men are getting strong now-a-days."

Second Fisherman:—"Yes, yesterday I saw a man pulling up the river."

There is a good form in the Prep.,
 And it is IIA full of pep,
 The fellows are all of the best
 But when masters soak
 They all says its no joke,
 That wonderful form of the Prep.

NOTES FROM IIA AND FORM I.

Customer to Floor Walker:—"Do you carry pianos here?"

Floor Walker:—"Do I look that sort of a man?"

Tenant:—"The roof is so bad that it rains on my head. How long is that to go on?"

Landlord:—"What do you think I am? A weather prophet?"

"How do you sell these ties?"

"I don't know, ma'am, I often wonder myself."

A man running after a taxi cab panted to the driver, "How much to the station from here?" "Fifty cents," replied the driver. The man continued to run, and having covered another stretch inquired breathlessly of the driver: "How much now?" "Seventy-five," retorted the driver, "you are running the wrong way."

L'Abbé to Buch:—"What's the difference between an elephant and a flea?"

Buch:—"Elephants have fleas but fleas haven't got elephants."

"What have you got in the way of an automobile?"

"Well, there's a nice lamp post . . ."

Happy Man:—"Shay, waiter, find my hat."

Waiter:—"It's on your head, sir."

H.M.:—"Don't bother, then, I'll look for it myself."

Teacher:—"Johnny, why are you late for school every day?"

Johnny:—"Because when I cross the field to come here I see a sign that says: 'Go slow, School'."

Why did the Scotchman jump the fence? Because he wanted to save the hinges on the gate.

Why did the Scotchman break the window? Because he wanted to see Glasgow.

Once a man went into a barber's shop. The barber said: "Do you want a hair cut?" and the man said: "No, I want them all cut." Barber "Any particular way, Sir?" Customer: "Yes, off."

They also serve . . .

Waiter:—"Has your order been taken, sir?"

Customer:—"Yes, and so was my photo when I was a child."

Master:—"Give a sentence containing the word artesian."

Boy:—"Oh Ma! Johnny and Jimmy are teasin' the baby."

Vegeterian Wife:—"Reginald, just go out and cut me a pronged stick, I want a wishbone for the turkey."

IF

Wouldn't it be wonderful if—

"L'Abbé III didn't get so many lickings?"

"White had more brains?"

"Lewis wrote letters?"

"Power woke up?"

"Cochrane got fatter?"

"Buch grew thinner?"

"Colditz would use his brains?"

"L'Abbé would shut up?"

"L'Abbé II would stop grinning like a baboon?"

"Clarke would write smaller?"

"Buckley would stop cutting himself?"



"THE MEMORIAL RINK"

THE GRASSHOPPERS

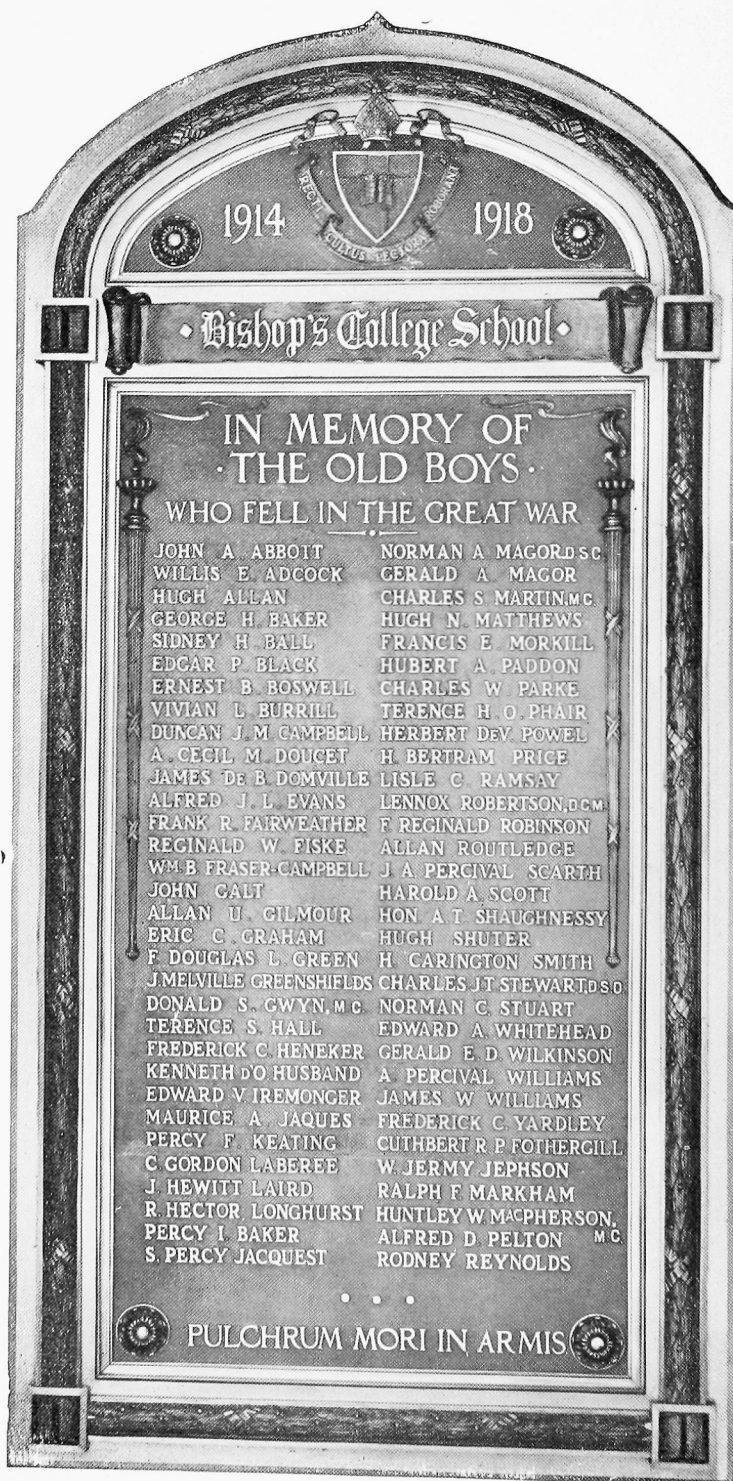
High
Up
Over the top
Of the feathery grasses, the
Grasshoppers hop.
They won't eat their suppers,
They will not obey
Their grasshopper mothers
And fathers who say:
"Listen, my children,
"This must be stopped
"Now is the time your last
Hop should be hopped;
So come to your suppers
And go to your beds—"
But the little green grasshoppers
Shake their green heads.
"No,
No,"
The naughty ones say,
"All we have time to do
Just now is to play.
If we want supper
We'll nip at a fly
Or nibble a blueberry
As we go by;
If we feel sleepy we'll
Close our eyes tight
And snooze away in a
Harebell all night.
But not
Now.
Now we must hop.
And nobody, NOBODY
Can
make
us
stop!

G. W. D.



OLD ROBIN HOOD HUT

*“Throughout the living joyful year at lifeless tasks to
strive,
And scarcely at the end to save gentility alive;
The villa plot to sow and reap, to act the villa lie,
Beset by villa fears to live, midst villa dreams to die;
Ah, who can know the dreary woe? and who the
splendour see?
The one who walked with starry feet the western road
by me.”*



In the silence of the school-room, among the desks
deserted,
Ink-stained and marred by marks of many hands,
Through the windows in the moon-light by driving
rain-clouds skirted,
Come the visions of Old Boys from many lands.
And quietly and mournfully they take their well-
known places,
And their books lie open by them on the form,
And they see, as in a mist-wraith, the old-forgotten
faces
With the scar-marks of the world's eternal storm.

“FOR REMEMBRANCE”



Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, and Mrs. Davis. Photograph is published through the courtesy of Mr. W. A. Hale and was presented to Mrs. Hale by Mrs. Davis during the Davis family's residence in Lennoxville in 1865.

(This was a personal letter, but we are sure that it will be extremely interesting to many Old Boys and are therefore taking the liberty to publish it).

The Editor,
B.C.S. Magazine,
Lennoxville, P.Q.

1035-5th Street,
Santa Monica, Calif.,
May 23rd, 1929.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

I want to thank you very much for the Magazine, and assure you I appreciated it very much. It brought back so many pleasant memories of the days I spent in Lennoxville so many years ago. I noticed especially the picture of the old Rifle Company and can remember being in the picture, but cannot remember my position, though the one on the extreme right was Charlie Leycraft, a boy from New York.

I am told by Mr. W. S. LaFresnaye, living here, an old Lennoxville boy, and a nephew of Mr. S. S. Cummins, that there are a number of old Lennoxville boys living in or near Santa Monica. I have not met them, but Mr. LaFresnaye showed them the Magazine and all enjoyed it very much.

Mr. LaFresnaye served with some Canadian regiment in the World War and remembers many of the boys whose names appear on the Memorial Tablet. I am now in my 80th year and memory not so good. I did, however, recognize the old buildings and especially the old Swimming Hole, as it was there I learned my first lessons in swimming which later made me quite an expert, especially at long distance swimming which I have kept up to date. In fact I am, or was, considered the champion long distance swimmer for my age of the State, or for that matter in the world. Last summer I celebrated my 79th birthday by a swim of over 7 miles.

My swimming days are, owing to my recent illness, over, though I am only waiting for the summer months to try it again.

By the way, did Mr. Cummins send you a copy of the March edition of the Confederate Veteran published at Nashville, Tenn.? It contained a very interesting article entitled "Jefferson Davis in Canada," also "The Story of the Davis Bible" as told by Stephen S. Cummins.

Mr. Davis, as you know, spent considerable time in Lennoxville immediately after his release from Fortress Monroe, and young Jeff went to the School and was in my charge as one of the oldest boys. If Mr. Cummins has not sent you a copy of this Magazine you should endeavour to get one as I am sure it would interest you.

Thanking you again and hoping you will excuse my delay in acknowledging your kindness, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed)—J. H. STOTESBURY.

Old Boys Notes

McGILL NOTES

Last fall, when football giants fell hurt and panting on the torn ground, it was a B.C.S. boy who ran out with water-bottle and sponge to throw cold water on the affair. When itinerant Britishers from the far ends of the earth stood friendless "in the awe-ful silence of the valley down below"* . . . or rather, in Bonaventure station, it was a B.C.S. boy who swooped down burdened to his ears with hospitality. Other similar deeds might be chronicled, but these are adequate proof that the keynote of McGill Old Boys' activities this year was "compassion." Indeed (if we must go farther) did not one of us step into two of a horse's shoes when it was impossible for the horse to do so in person? It might be another instance of compassion to add to our swollen list if we stopped here. We will, and it is.

* . . . From the poet Breakey.

Pinky McMaster seems to have carried off the executive honours for the year. He was vice-president of the Commercial Society, president of the Scarlet Key Society (formed to welcome and entertain visitors to McGill) and was on the Union House Committee. It was under the careful guidance of Pinky that groups of Australian and South African students discovered snow, and liked it.

John Casgrain, who once took great delight in disciplining Andy Breakey, finds the study of law quite to his taste. He was Treasurer of the Law Undergrads this year.

G. C. Smith had his picture taken for being Secretary-Treasurer of the Chemical Industries Club. It is rumoured that he will soon publish a brief pamphlet on "Chemistry—Its Cause and Cure."

H. R. Montgomery takes his bow this year as a civil engineer. He was Science representative on the Students Council for the past session. He also bears the title of Class Prophet.

Betty Greig focusses his extra-curricular attentions on the Players Club, which, indeed is quite natural. For the summer, Honolulu calls for no good reason, which is reason enough for Betty.

Bug Davis is still loyal to his moustachios. He manoeuvred on bars parallel and otherwise for the Gym. Team again this year.

Andy Breakey is living up to all our fond hopes, and we are proud of him whether he likes it or not. Though most of the examination results are not officially posted yet, it is understood that he made two fine marks in history. He intends to spend the summer in the splendid isolation of an unspoiled forest, and is leaving no address.

Brian McGreevy is now on the other side of the Atlantic after a year of stern application. It is rumoured that his purpose is to find out just what is wrong with the Graf Zeppelin—but that's an air castle ("My smelling-salts, Hortense!"). Brian wrote many powerful "advances" for the Players Club this year.

Hardy Johnston, like Andy Breakey, carried off honours in history. It is to be imagined that further reports will disclose further victories. Hardy's plans for summer activities failed to reach us before he struck camp (we used to know the Latin for that!).

Cow O'Meara is of course still pounding along under full canvas. He still keeps faith with the corn flakes diet, and looks like a million calories.

Willie Murray has girded his Studebaker and has set forth to see what Europe can do to a Science man. Letters addressed to any shipyard will eventually reach him. Bill did very well in his exams.

George Auld has successfully completed his first year of Architecture and intends to do a little practical work during the summer in P.E.I. George has a new car in which he has been making frequent sallies into the copious country around.

Max Boulton is off to Jasper Park for golf and accessories. His greatest moment this year came when he interpreted the hind legs of a horse in the Red and White Revue.

Eric Sangster seems to be a born manager. This winter he had the intermediate hockey team on his hands and next fall he will see that the senior football men do the right thing.

George Baker became a member of the Scarlet Key Society at the last elections. Whether he has done any entertaining yet in his official capacity is unknown. The fact that George played intermediate rugby last fall has already been recorded.

Roberts has not been cornered for an interview, so definite news of his deeds and dreams is lacking. However, when seen frequently on far horizons, his general bearing is one of health and happiness.

Sharp is such a big boy now, you know. He seems to be quite successful at the game of College. It is to be hoped, however, that he still has the time to play the piano as he did with the old School orchestra. And we remember how proud Mr. Sawdon used to be.

Gillespie popped up in various roles during the year. He was dishing out cigarettes at a campus election smoker the last time he was seen.

John Rankin must remain a dark horse as far as these notes are concerned. We have not seen him or heard any gossip concerning him for months.

Doucet is another one. Now where on earth can Doucet be?

Tusky Balfour is said to be working for the Sun Life. The story of how a "billet doux" failed to reach a spicy damsel and returned to be read in Assembly still tickles the fancies of his classmates.

Dobell is often seen about town in his little car. Though he is working down town at present, he expects to go to Germany shortly.

Duggan was seen at the Ashbury cricket game, though few other Old Boys were.

Bobs Campbell and **Johnny Malo** and **Dick Taylor** must be around town somewhere, but there is nothing to attract them away from the selfish grasp of business at this time of year.

S.O.S. Will somebody tell us something about **R. A. Montgomery**?

Colin Rankin writes us from Avignon where he has been visiting the Palais des Papes. We wonder whether he has tried any of the Château-Neuf-des-Papes!



HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL ADDRESSING THE BOYS FROM THE FRONT DOOR STEPS. WITH HIM ARE THE HEADMASTER, GRANT HALL, ESQ., M.A., D.C.L., CHAIRMAN OF THE DIRECTORS, AND G. H. MONTGOMERY, ESQ., M.A., D.C.L., K.C.

FORMER E.T. RESIDENT HONORED AT MCGILL

At the Annual Convocation at McGill University, held yesterday, an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Mr. Selwyn G. Blaylock, general manager of the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, at Trail, B.C. Mr. Blaylock was brought up and received his early education around Danville. He is also a Science graduate of McGill University.

Mr. Blaylock was given this honor in recognition of his great work in metallurgical research, which he has carried on during the past few years.

OTTAWA BRASS HAT FROM PACIFIC COAST

Gen. McNaughton, New Chief of Staff, Is Keen on More Planes

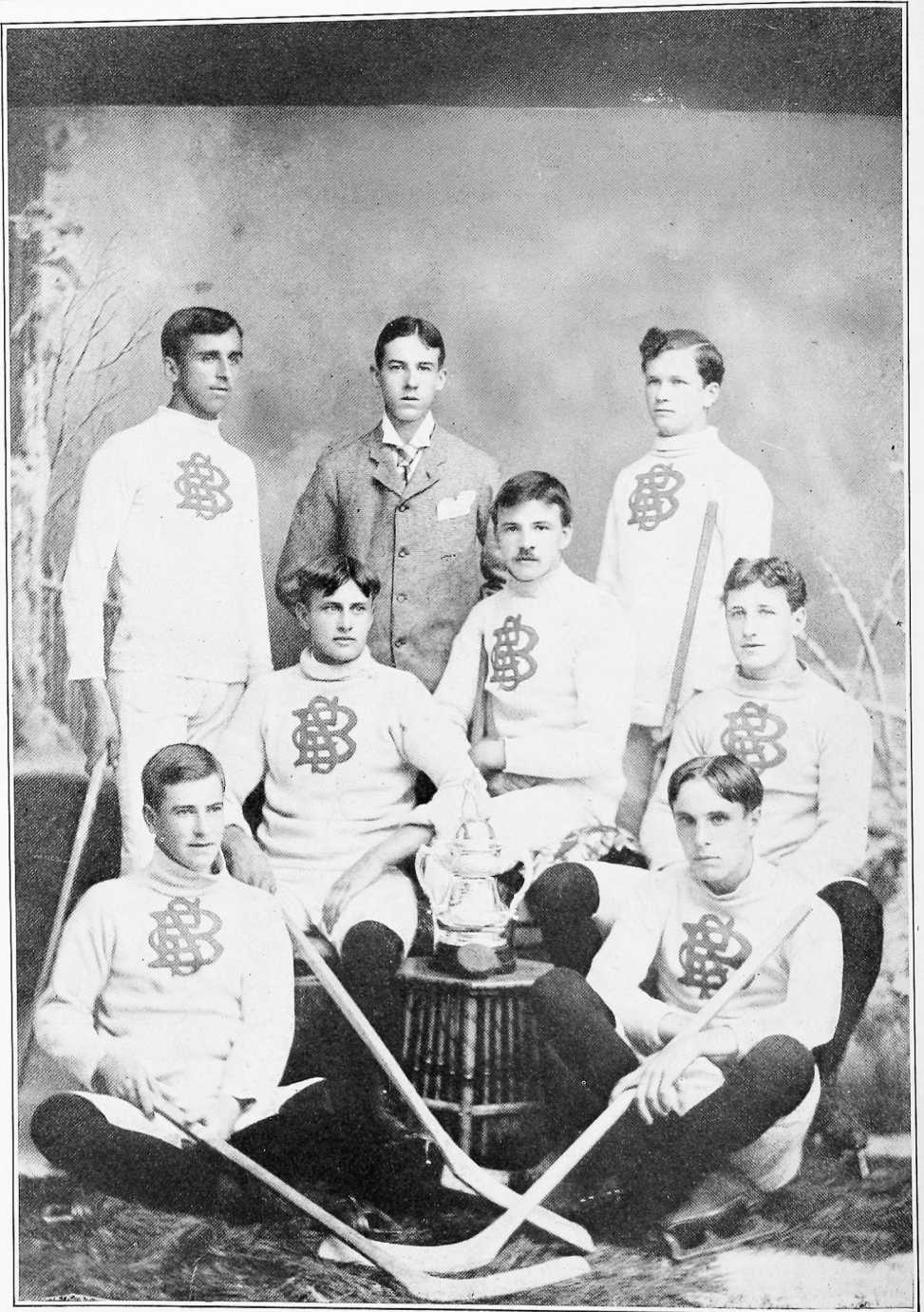
Planes and more planes is the creed of Brig.-Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton, officer commanding military District No. 11, who was recently appointed chief of staff of the department of national defence at Ottawa. In a series of farewell addresses on the Pacific Coast, General McNaughton stressed aviation as an essential phase of military activity which is steadily growing in importance.

"We must retain a small staff skilled in the art of design and operation of aircraft," he declared.

Work of this staff, he pointed out, reflects direct benefit to the Dominion in the civil work carried out in the topographical and forest patrol fields.

The peace-time soldier, the butt of many jokes, finds a staunch friend in the new chief of staff. With neither the inclination nor the funds to sustain a substantial standing force, Canada must look to the militia as the backbone of any army in time of need, he asserts, at the same time paying tribute to the efficiency shown by these units despite the limited facilities afforded.

Mechanical development is another phase of military activity which must be followed closely. General McNaughton says: "In the closing phases of the great war when forces were needed this branch was given great impetus and the research in this field had continued steadily," he continued. "Radio as a method of communication is another branch in which Canada should not lag."



H. Hutchinson (Forward) A. H. Rowley, Esq. C. G. Gilmour
Stanley Willett (C. Point) C. F. Rothera (Goal) F. T. Hilyard (Forward)
F. White (Forward) Paul Size (Forward)
H. S. McGreevy, absent (Point)

CHAMPIONS OF THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS, 1895



BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. H. C. MacDougall, on April 5th, a daughter.



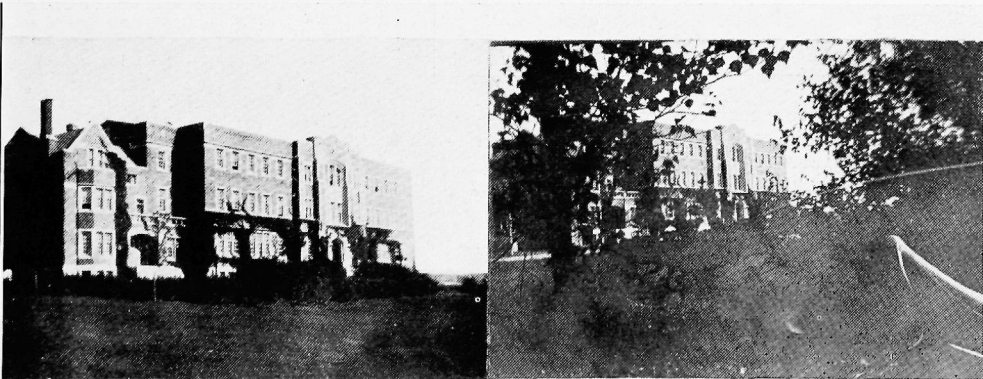
MARRIAGES

On Monday January 7th, 1929, James Gordon Russell (B.C.S. 1912-1918) was married to Anne Stewart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart of Westmount, Que. Mr. and Mrs. Russell have taken up residence in Cap Chat, Que.



DEATHS

The death took place at Ste. Agathe des Monts on December 16th, 1928 of Claude Poston (B.C.S. 1890-94) eldest son of George E. Poston of Quebec.

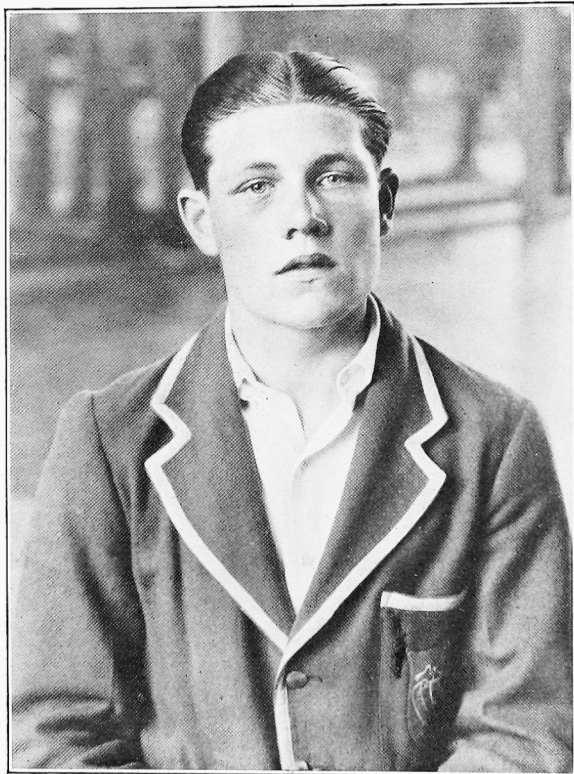


THE MAIN BUILDING.

THE SCHOOL FROM THE POWER HOUSE.

From New York Times.

ALICE JAY TO WED VIVIAN W. HARCOURT
Kin of First Chief Justice of the United States is Engaged
to U. of P. Senior



V. W. HARCOURT, CRICKET CAPTAIN, 1924

Whose engagement to Miss Alice Jay of New York was
 announced on May 4th.

"Mr. and Mrs. John Clarkson Jay of 131 East Fifty-fourth Street, and The Play House, Williamstown, Mass., have announced the engagement of their youngest daughter, Miss Alice Jay, to Vivian Wilshire Harcourt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Harcourt, of Bronxville, N.Y. Miss Jay is a direct descendant of John Jay, the First Chief Justice of the United States. She attended the Brearley School, this city, and the Ethel Walker School in Simsbury, Conn. She was introduced to society at a dance at Sherry's in the season of 1927-28. Miss Jay is the sister of Mrs. Arthur M. R. Hughes, the former Miss Sarah L. Jay, and of Mrs. William D. F. Hughes, the former Miss Marguerite M. Jay, wife of the Rev. Mr. Hughes, headmaster of the choir school of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Mr. Harcourt attended the Bishop's College School in Lennoxville, Quebec, and next month will be graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. He is a member of the Kappa Alpha."

"Wilt" came to the School, May, 1918; Prefect, 1922-23; Head Prefect, 1923-24; 1st Football, 1921-22; Captain, 1st Football, 1923; 1st Cricket, 1921-22; Captain, 1st Cricket, 1924; Basketball, 1922-23; Captain, Basketball, 1922-23; 2nd Hockey, 1923; Magazine Staff, 1922-23-24; Tuck Shop Committee, 1923; Lieutenant, Cadet Corps, 1923-24; Track Team, 1923-24; Secretary, Debating Society, 1922-23.

PRINCIPALS IN MONTREAL SOCIETY WEDDING

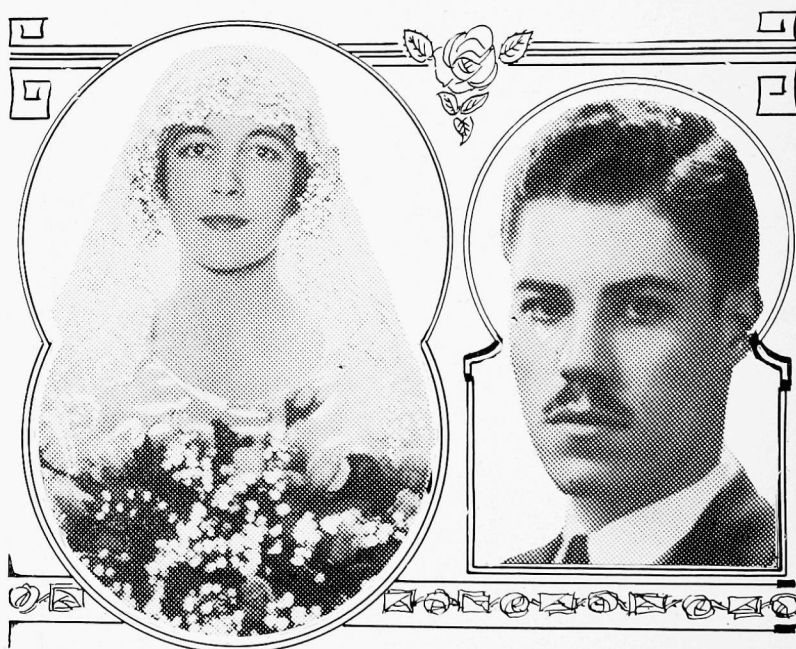


Mr. W. W. Ogilvie, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Ogilvie and his bride, formerly Miss Jessie Patton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Patton, whose wedding took place on Thursday afternoon at the Church of St. Andrew and St. Paul, with their attendants. Left to right: Mr. G. K. Henderson, Mr. Bart. Ogilvie, Mr. J. R. Walker, Mr. D. S. Yuile, ushers; Mr. Hartland C. MacDougall, best man; the bridegroom; Mr. W. L. Gordon, of Toronto; Mr. N. L. C. Mather, Mr. J. G. Porteous and Mr. Ross Patton, ushers. Lower row, left to right: Miss Betty Molson, Miss Ruth Walker, Miss Mary Keogh, of New Rochelle, N.Y., bridesmaids; Mrs. George C. Hendrie, of Toronto, matron of honour; the bride; Miss Elizabeth Counsell, of Hamilton; Miss Yvette Lafferty, of Quebec, and Miss Helen Ogilvie, bridesmaids.

(Photo by Associated Screen News)

(Courtesy "Montreal Daily Star")

A MAY WEDDING



Mr. Lionel Mackay Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel J. Smith, and his bride, formerly Miss Phyllis Adair Barker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis W. Barker, whose wedding took place on Saturday afternoon last at the Church of St. James the Apostle. The wedding was attended by many out-of-town guests from the Maritime Provinces and other points.

(The ushers at the Smith-Barker wedding were:—J. Morris, G. Hamilton, J. Casgrain and P. Roy, all Old Boys.)

(Courtesy of the Montreal Daily Star)



Mr. G. Herbert Cook, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cook, with his bride, formerly Miss Nancy Esdaile, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Esdaile, leaving St. Patrick's after their marriage yesterday afternoon. The happy couple will spend their honeymoon abroad.

(Courtesy the Montreal Daily Star, December 13th, 1928)

THE FENIAN RAID OF 1866

(Reprinted)

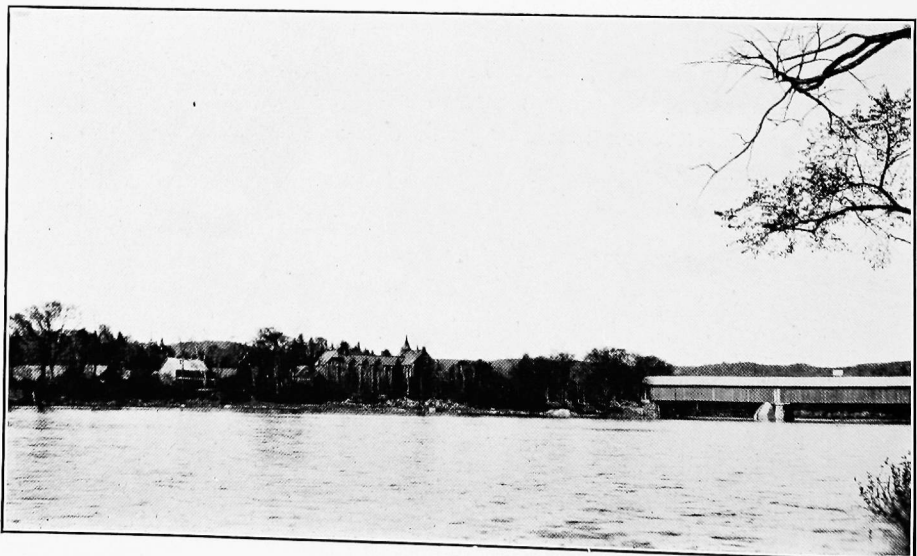
In answer to a request that he would give some account of the nature of the duties performed by the Bishop's College School Rifle Corps when called out for active service during the Fenian Raid of 1866, S. S. Cummins, who was in the Corps at the time, writes as follows:—

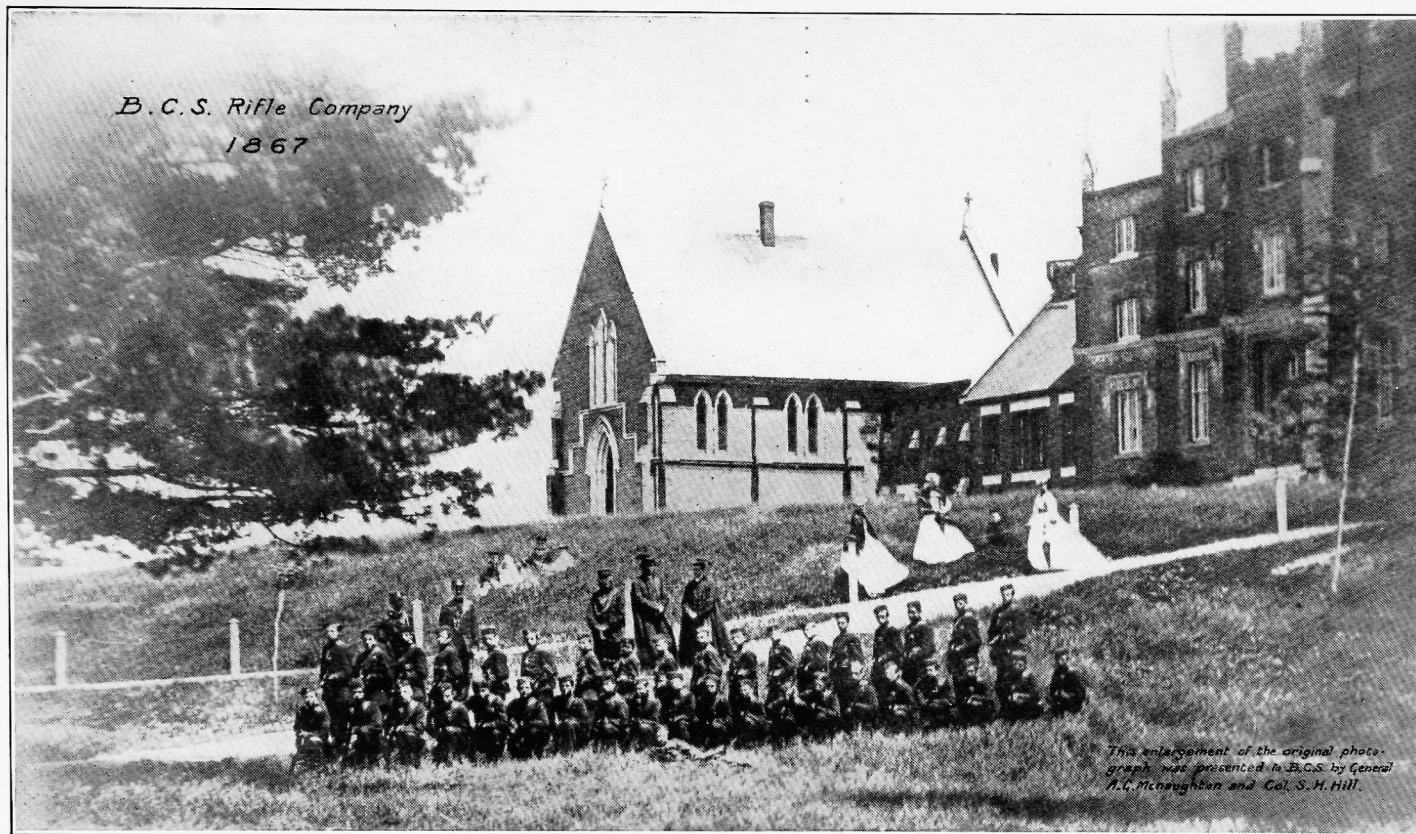
During the Fenian Raid of 1866 the B. C. Rifle Corps was on duty, and the members later, received the regulation medal; I have mine, and my brother received his. We patrolled the environment, chiefly the bridges over the St. Francis and the Massawippi; I am not sure whether the village was taken in, but we moved along the path up from the Massawippi bridge to above *the old swimming pool*, and over the College hill to where our target butts were, then to the gymnasium, and on to where the School and College buildings stood. A sentry stood near the gym, another near the School steps, and one at the rector's house which faced the Massawippi bridge. These each had a beat; the one at the steps paced as far as the corner of the chapel nearest to the river; the one at the rector's house came to the chapel corner. I am not sure where the one at the gymnasium went.

I remember going with the relief guard, and recall hearing the challenge "Who goes there?" and our officer's answer "Rounds," then "Advance, rounds, and give the counter-sign," and, whispering after same, "Pass, rounds, all's well." It was both dark and cold.

If you have not a roll of the Rifle Corps of that time, I am sure you could get it from the Medal Department of the Department of Militia and Defence at Ottawa. I saw it there when I applied for my medal. I think our Captain was J. B. Hyndman, and our 1st Lieutenant, Ernest King, though these officers may have held their posts either earlier or later.

Mr. Cummins has presented to the School the Service Medal which he received on the occasion of the Raid; this is framed, and hung under the photograph of the Cadet Corps of those days in the Senior Reading-room. (See opposite page).





B. C. S. RIFLE COMPANY, 1867.

G. W. McGreevy is leaving Lethbridge, where he has been with the Canadian Mounted Police for nearly 3 years and is going to the Yukon.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lorna Blackburn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Blackburn of Ottawa, to Mr. James K. Crowdy (B.C.S. 1918-21) of Ottawa. (Montreal Daily Star, Jan. 8th, 1929).

From the Halifax Herald we quote the following extracts from a masterly summary on:—

“Senior Hockey for the Maritimes is over for the Season 1928-29 and a resumé may not be amiss.”

(1) What is the real cause for Maritime Amateur Hockey being inferior to that of the Central Provinces of Quebec and Ontario?

(2) What has prevented the Maritimes during the past 30 years from winning against the best teams in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec?

I can state from personal experience that Bishop's College School has turned out boys at age 18 qualified to play in World Championship Hockey for the Stanley Cup. I will refer to one only who played under me as Captain at Bishop's College School, Mr. R. E. McDougall, who joined the famous Victoria team of Montreal at the age of 18, and that team held the Stanley Cup for 6 consecutive years, the longest on record, being defeated by the famous “Shamrock” team in 1900 by only 1 goal, 1-0. Mr. McDougall was regarded as the best Wing in Canada in his time. Unless the Maritimes can give its young boys a chance to learn the game early in life the results will be as in the past 30 years.

Someone recently made the announcement that Hockey was first played at Kingston, Ontario, in 1888, but with all due respect I can produce records to show that ice hockey was played as early as 1884 at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.

Lunenburg, Nova Scotia,

March 26th, 1929.

R. C. S. KAULBACH.

OLD BOY ELECTED TO ENGLISH PARLIAMENT

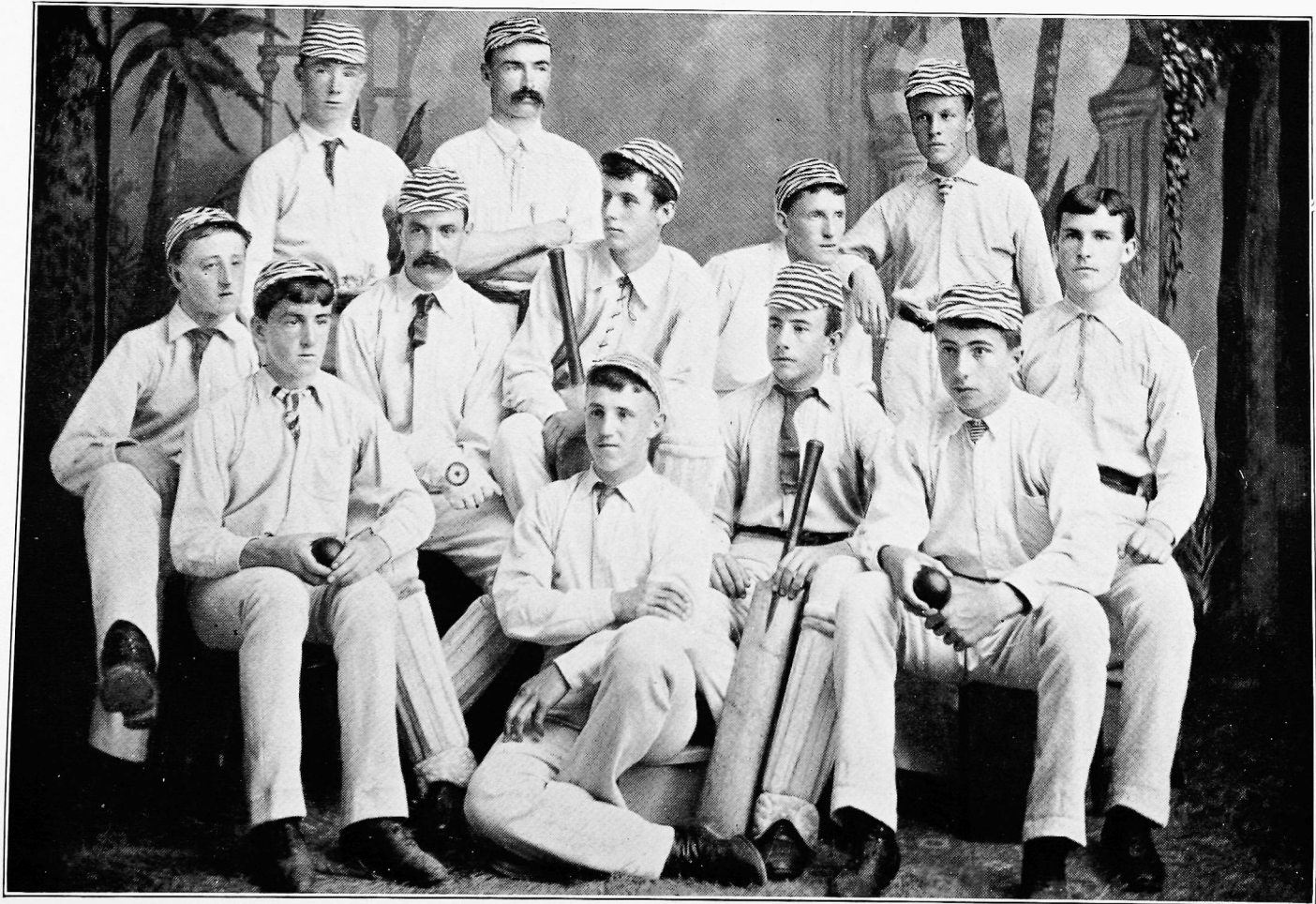
"Lieut.-Col. Gault, though born in England, was many years in Montreal and is regarded by Canadian soldiers as one of themselves. He was the son of the late A. F. Gault, Montreal, and was educated in Canada. He raised and equipped the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry for active service in the World War, and during the war he earned the D.S.O. and was wounded three times.

(Gazette, Montreal)



Lloyd S. Blinco, "Joe", was a star on the Grand'Mère Maroons last winter and was credited with being the most effective forward in the Provincial Independent Hockey League. Joe left Grand'Mère this spring to take up landscape Gardening at Mamaronek, N.Y. His influence and example in both school life and athletics was greatly missed this year, for the reason that the last two years he was here, he was captain of all the teams as well as being head prefect. J.R.S.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, CRICKET TEAM, 1887.



PARKER
B. SMITH
WONHAM

FRITH

PETRY
BAKER
ROBINSON

S. FAIRWEATHER
KAULBACH (Capt.)

PATERSON

HAMILTON
G. SMITH

From the Sherbrooke Record

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. G. L. McNAUGHTON, C.M.G., D.S.O.
B.C.S. (1900-1905)

By Robert McBain

One of the very finest soldiers that Canada has produced is Brigadier-General A. G. L. McNaughton, C.M.G., D.S.O., and he is one of the most popular officers who served in the great war. The writer served under him, in the ranks, during all the time that he commanded the 11th Brigade, from the formation of the brigade at Witley camp early in 1916 until the spring of 1917 when the artillery was reorganized and he was promoted to be counter battery staff officer for the corps. In the opinion of the men of the 11th Brigade, General McNaughton is the finest soldier who ever threw a leg over a horse.

Our introduction to him did not appear at the time to be auspicious. The first intimation that we rankers had that the brigade had at last been assigned its permanent commander was when he posted his first brigade orders. What impressed us most was not the new name at the bottom of the order, but the horrible revolution that was effected in our daily routine. Reveille was advanced from 6 a.m. to 5 a.m. Maybe that didn't make a stir. If Colonel McNaughton had planned to let us know the first day on the job that there was a new head of the outfit he certainly succeeded. You can't pull some two thousand odd men out of bed an hour earlier in the morning without starting some talk, to say the least.

"Who is this bird McNaughton, anyway?" was the phrase on everyone's lips for a few days. We soon found out.

Everything that we learned seemed to be in favor of the new colonel. He was just back from France, we discovered, and according to accounts was a real he-man. We heard of his enlistment in the early days of the war when he left his lectureship at McGill University to go overseas as major of the 4th Battery, C.F.A., which he organized; of his promotions and decorations in France; and of his being wounded during the second battle of Ypres, when he refused to go to the dressing station but stayed with his men, raging up and down behind the gun position like a wounded lion. The more we heard of him the less that five o'clock reveille business seemed to matter.

Fast Work as Stove-Maker

And we soon found from our own knowledge that he was a real soldier—the kind that men are proud and happy to follow. It is a rare gift to be able to set a hard task and get cheerful enthusiastic obedience. It was not long before we were boasting that we were the hardest worked brigade in the whole division. Anyone who knows soldiers will know what a feat that was. We did not complain about it; we boasted, and dared any man to contradict us.

For one thing, he had a fine sense of effect. Probably it was unconscious, but everything he did was dramatized in the eyes of the brigade. The first time that we had mounted manoeuvres he came on to the parade ground, after we were drawn up by batteries and mounted, riding at a full gallop with his groom plugging along behind, and the

long military cloak he wore streaming out in the wind. I am safe in saying that every man who was there that day has the same mental picture that I have of our galloping colonel.

It was not until we got to France, however, that we really saw the best of him. When I think of it I find myself becoming laudatory to the point of the ridiculous. It was the habit of the brigade. He was a little tin god to us and if ever there was an officer who was idolized by his men it was Colonel McNaughton.

One of the first outstanding incidents that I recall was at Dickebush, late in September of 1916, when the first cool weather came, and just before we pulled out to go to the Somme. One of the battery commanders sent down to the wagon lines for a stove.

The shoeing-smiths, who with the wheelers, were the handy men of the artillery units, made him one, a very elaborate sheet metal affair with checks, and a hinged door secured by a fastener. Considering the materials the farriers had, it was a very creditable production. But when the major who had ordered it saw it he disapproved. There was something about the catch on the door which he did not like and he sent it back with orders to make a new one.

The same day the colonel decided that he could do with more heat. He came out bare-headed into the court yard at brigade headquarters.

"Get me an oil drum," he said.

While some one located an empty oil drum the colonel provided himself with a pick-axe. He knocked in the head of the can, punched a circle of holes about the bottom, and carried it back into his room to use as an open brazier. It is not likely that he had to use it long, but while he did it was the talk of the brigade.

And while he never spared himself he was constantly on the lookout for the comfort of his men. At the Somme he had a way of wandering about alone after dark to see that everything was ship-shape. One night he came to a gunpit where a group of gunners were squatted about a brazier making a brew of tea. There was a rubber ground-sheet hung up at the door to keep out the draft, and the colonel got himself tangled up in it trying to get in.

"Don't knock that down, you big bum!" called out the man who was making the tea, quite unaware of the identity of the intruder.

The colonel took it in good part, laughed at the discomfiture of the tea-maker, and stayed chatting until the tea was made, when he had a mess tin of it perched up on a pile of shells.

It was at the Somme, too, that an order of his was deliberately disobeyed, the only case of its kind of which I ever heard. We were in position on the rim of the old Sugar Trench, and when we dug our gunpits B subsection ran one corner of their excavation into a buried German. They just barely touched him and when the pit was finished all that there was to see was one leather jack boot, sticking out of the corner about ten inches, some three feet up from the floor of the pit. The boys used the boot as a hat rack and a peg on which to hang bandoliers and gas masks. When the colonel made his inspection he saw it and objected very strenuously.

"Dig that fellow out," he said, "and give him a decent burial."

When the colonel was gone the gun crew got busy. Digging out the body as ordered would have been too much work, so they took a pickaxe, dug back to the knee-joint, snapped off the lower part of the leg, filled the hole in the gunpit wall with a sandbag, and gave the boot and leg a decent burial somewhere behind the gunpit.

Bully Beef O.K. for Him

We pulled out of the Somme about the end of November. It was a cold, raw day. We had reveille at two o'clock and drove off at four, long before sun-up. All day we marched, soaked by the intermittent rain and chilled to the marrow by the biting wind which swept over the plateau north of Albert. By nightfall we made Doullens—the little town where Marshal Foch was made commander-in-chief of the allied armies.

One of the battery commanders, the same one, by the way, who had made all the fuss about the stove, hunted up his battery officers' cook.

"Fix up a beef-steak," he said, "and some fried potatoes, and coffee, and do something nice for us in the way of dessert."

The cook and his orderly worked away until all hours that night fussing for their officers. At a late hour, when the dishes had been washed, they went out to the field where the guns were parked and got their blankets from the wagon limber. Then they had to hunt up some place to sleep. Anyone who has looked for a billet late at night in a small town which had been occupied by a marching brigade earlier in the evening knows what they are up against.

The same night the colonel turned up at his mess a little before nine. He had been busy about the lines and seeing that everything was in order and the meal was long over.

"What will I get you, sir?" asked the orderly.

"Never mind me," said the colonel. "You look after yourself. Just get me a tin of bully and a slab of bread, and I'll be all right."

That was our colonel's dinner that night, a mug of lukewarm tea from the cook house, a piece of bread, and a tin of bully beef. The brigade had not gone a mile the next morning before everyone had heard of it.

We lost the colonel the next spring just before we took Vimy Ridge. All the Canadian artillery was reorganized at that time and in the shake-up our colonel went to the corps as a general. We were more than sorry to see him go, but we were mighty proud of him just the same.

Then around August, 1917, word came to us that he was dead. The rumour was started no doubt by the fact that he was wounded near Soissons while on a liaison visit, and it spread like wildfire through the batteries that had been in the old 11th Brigade. Every one of us felt a personal loss and many were the long faces behind the guns on the Vimy front.

I well remember the day at the horse lines near Berthonval Farm that our transport driver came back from Aubigny with the good news that the rumor was false.

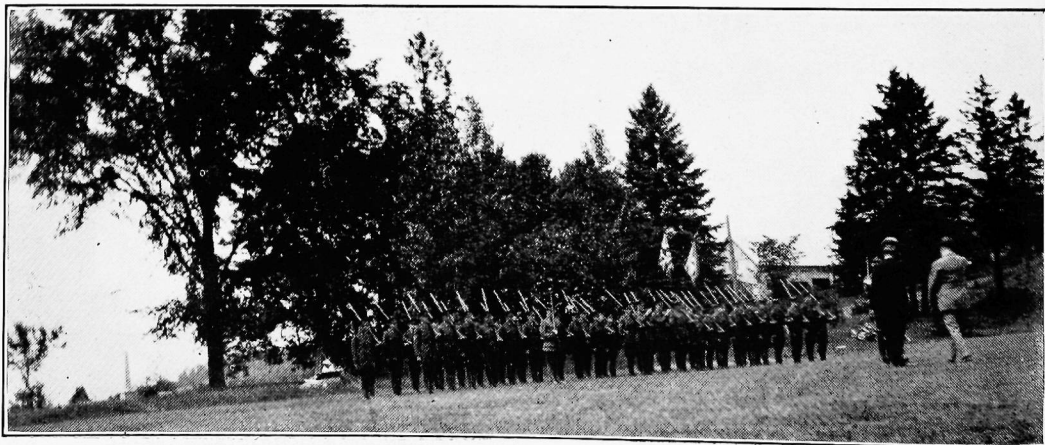
"Say fellers," he fairly shouted as he drove into the horse lines, "the old colonel ain't dead. I just saw him myself down near Ack."

You should have seen how we all perked up at that. Anyone who had ever had any doubt of our regard for our colonel would have been convinced if he could have seen us when we got the word that he had not been killed.

Of his subsequent career with the corps we knew little, but that it was creditable we have always been certain. We heard that in 1918 he was appointed general officer commanding Canadian corps heavy artillery. Three times he was mentioned in despatches. There was a sort of tradition with us to the effect that he contributed to military science the very important device of "calibrating" guns which did away with our old method of registering on targets, which had so often revealed to the enemy the presence of new artillery on any front. The use of that system was a very important factor in the surprise attacks which characterized the last few months of the war, particularly the great attack in front of Amiens on August 8, 1918.

Who invented the method is unknown to the writer, but he is sure it was not General McNaughton—according to no less an authority than the general himself. It would not be safe, however, to mention that fact at a reunion dinner of any of the old 11th Brigade batteries. We old soldiers have few heroes, but those we have we cherish jealously. Even those of us who might be willing to admit that he did not invent the device are quite sure that he could have done it if he had so desired.

He came back to Canada after the armistice a brigadier-general at the age of thirty-one. He was one of the youngest in the British armies. At present he is deputy chief of the general staff and director of training and staff duties in the department of national defense at Ottawa. We men of the old brigade wish sometimes that there might be another war so that he could get to be a field marshal. All that he needs, we are sure, is the opportunity.



ADIOS

Good bye! . . . good bye for ever!

Though I may come again

For, tugging at my heart strings

There will be an old pain.

I shall remember quiet ways

And many secret places where

I wandered round the woody glens,

Scarce knowing I was happy there.

When I loaned Bob a nickel

With confidence sublime,

Or Jim lent me, ungrudgingly,

'Twas all he had—a dime.

Good bye! good bye for ever!

All combats in these halls

With Masters, New Kids, strife with self!

The louder battle calls.

I shall remember quiet ways

When the gale of life blows high,

When men put their souls in pawn,

And their divinity belie.

Other lads will strip to bathe

On the Massawippi bank,

Think their thoughts as I thought mine:

Long, long thoughts, unspoiled and frank.

I shall remember Morning days

And wildwood flowers . . . when life stood still,

I whispered them a secret thing

Down in the green woods of Lennoxville.

A little thing was whispered

That only few hold dear;

The hours stood still in Allary,

To hear, as I did hear.

Yet once more, O ye woodlands!

. . . . No! I'll return to tell,

If I keep faith in battle

And guard our secret well.

The games, the shouts to day recede

Grow faint and dim their echoes die

No "new coined day to fling away"

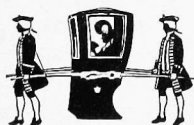
The Fight's begun Good bye Good bye! R. L.

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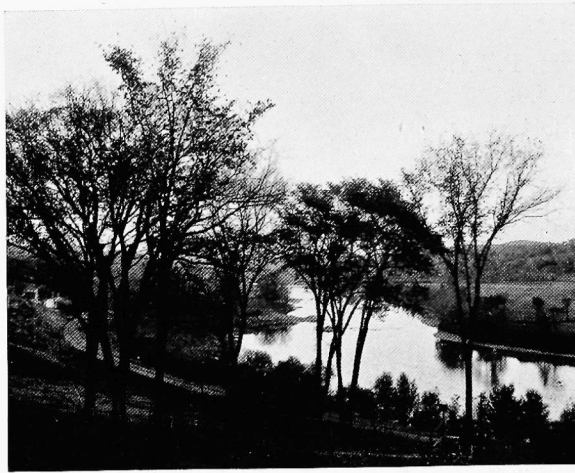
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May we ask those who have not yet sent in their subscription
for the year 1928-1929 to do so?



THE SONG OF THE LOGS

by
R. M. C.

Moaning and cursing, the spirit of the river writhed and shuddered with its burden of crashing logs. It was spring and down from the forests to the pulp mills, through the country of the river folk came the semi-liquid stream of shifting logs. The song of the river was powerful. It was a lament for the murdered forest.

And over the heaving surface ran nimble footed men with pikes, men who shouted and cursed and sang, men with keen twinkling eyes and very sure balance. It was their duty to keep the drive in motion and to prevent jams. In the past there were sometimes jams and then there were floods and floods meant disaster and sorrow. There was ever the danger of jams and fear lived always with the river folk.

In the long nights of the early springs, when the run had started, the river folk slept uneasily. A man would wake from his slumber and listen with knowing ears to the song of the logs. If the song was harsh and rumbling the tired head would drop back to the blankets. But when the sound diminished and the crashing was not so apparent; when only the sound of gurgling water could be heard, there was no more sleep. Little groups crouched round the stoves and prayed for the dawn and light in which to work. In such a time the river folk knew that they must work and work fast, in desperation and with straining sinews to overcome the gurgling threat; to free the key logs and help the river to resume its song. When the river sang with its logs it dreamed, but when the song became choked it remembered its appetite and became a low, snarling beast of unleashed fury. And lives were its food.

But when the river was not filled with logs, life was different on its banks. There were farms and forests and fish and game. There were languorous days of summer and youth and love and religion. And there was a real feud to interest the river folk.

In the long ago days when the country was first settled, a man had killed a neighbor in anger. His son had avenged him. And so began the death quarrel of the Bromes and the Wrights. Every so often a member of one of these families died suddenly. There were no questions asked.

In the house where the dead man lay there was a bringing out of the family bible and there were prayers and the prayers were from the old testament! Then the dead man's picture went to swell the bulging bible and it was put away. And lips were tightened and dry eyes hardened. And the key was turned in the old piano lock. There would be no music for a while. Perhaps a long while, perhaps not so long. It depended on the eldest son of the family, for he was given the key.

But now things were a little different. The head of the Brome family was a coward. A Brome had been killed five years ago and the piano in the Wright house was still playing. The feud might have been a thing of the past. It might never have been at all.

But even without the trouble of the feud hanging over their heads, the Wrights were not happy. For in the spring river drives there were men of the Wright family who were losing in the fight against the logs. It seemed as if the old river, ever hungry, ever reaching for lives to plunge them beneath the grinding logs, had fastened a hatred on the Wright family and had singled them out one by one for its avarice.

And Brome, old Brome, did not help with the logs.

Then there was another thing that spoiled the feud for the river folk. Old Brome had a daughter and the eldest of the Wright family was a handsome young man. And it has already been said that among the river folk there was youth and love. But while they kissed in the moonlight and dreamed tender dreams, there was ever a shadow that worried them. The very trees above their heads seemed to whisper "Brome and Wright," and then while their hearts beat faster a faint rustle, perhaps in the wind, perhaps not in the wind, seemed to say "There are pictures in the bibles and who holds the piano keys?"

Then came the spring and with it the logs and the crashing and the disorder and the work and fear. And the Wrights wondered if this spring another of their sons would slip between the logs.

And old Brome thought perhaps one would.

Then came a day when of a sudden the song of the river stopped. There was a jam and presently over the plunging logs ran careful feet that dared and conquered in the race between life and its enemy while in the spot that the feet had just crossed there opened up pools of brownish water that widened out and made return or stopping impossible. It was grim and exciting, this work, and all the attention of both the workers and the watchers was riveted on the progress of the logs.

Not quite all though. On a bluff above the river was a little heap of rocks. And between these rocks poked the muzzle of a rifle. And attached to the rifle was a Maxim silencer. And behind the rifle was old Brome.

Old Brome smiled as he thought of the recent ill luck that had dogged the footsteps of the Wrights. Of how their sons had fallen through the logs in the spring drives and how the river folk had wondered at this. The Wrights were sure-footed men and it was strange that they should slip on the logs when men of less famed prowess came back to

the shore. Old Brome's smile was sinister. He knew. When a man is hit by a bullet he sprawls forward as if he had slipped on a log. Then the body is ground into little bits by the madly churning lumber. No one ever suspects. It is very simple and a Maxim silencer is cheap insurance. Old Brome was a crack shot and now the muzzle of the rifle began to revolve slowly in an arc along the mat of shifting logs. It was following Wright, young Wright. Old Brome was a coward.

But the river was choked and growling and men were risking all as they fought to loosen the bottled torment and start the drive again. And suddenly young Wright slipped on a log and sprawled forward and went down. And a wisp of blue smoke curled from the heap of rocks but no one noticed it. And presently a slinking coward crept from his lair and stole home with a smirk on his face.

Old Brome thought he had killed another of the Wrights, but he was wrong. Young Wright had really slipped just as the marksman had fired. He fell into a pool that was locked open by a freak arrangement of the loosening logs and was being carried down the stream and round the bend in safety. Those on the shore thought he was gone. They could not see him and he had fallen just like the others had fallen. Surely it was a portent when some member of a certain family was killed in the same way every year. It was clearly a case for the preacher.

But Wright knew that presently his little cage would work free of the surrounding logs and that the shore would be near. He was not thinking about his safety but about a burning crease along his shoulder that had hit him just as he fell. That was a bullet. And as he was drifting round the bend he saw a man sneaking away from the high bluff. No one else could see the man for they were all on the other side of the bend and watching the work on the logs. Wright saw and he knew. So that was why the Wrights had slipped on the logs in the spring!

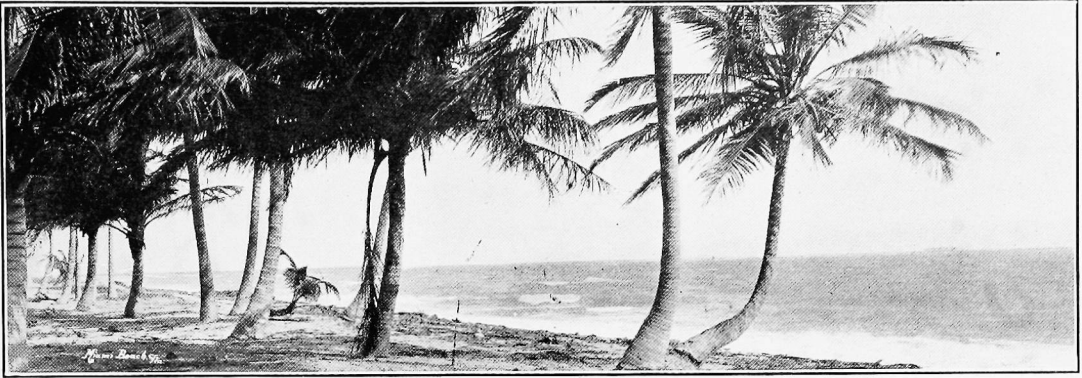
That evening when the Wrights came home to eat a saddened meal they noticed something strange. Something very strange and very important. The key to the piano was missing and the piano was locked, while on the table were the two pictures of the Wright men who had slipped on the logs in the last two years. And they took out the old bible and prayed. They also knew!

Outside the Brome household there was a thicker shadow among the trees and when old Brome came out for his evening smoke by the river the shadow stole after him. He turned as he reached the edge of the cliff and his face went white. He screamed and stepped back, back over the cliff to where the logs were singing mirthlessly far below.

The next night a weeping girl was smiling through her tears as she sat beneath the whispering trees of the old orchard. She was reading a note that she had found pinned to the old familiar seat in the garden. She would catch the morning train and they would be married.

The key is once again in its proper place in the Wright's piano and there is peace among the river folk. The feud is over.

The river is still singing. Do you like its song?



THE ROAD TO NOWHERE

By P. W. Davis.

I.

It was evening; along a dust covered road in Quebec trudged an old man, his head bent forward on his breast; his clothes, consisting of a ragged coat, a khaki shirt, and a pair of blue trousers, were soiled and torn. His boots, though mended a dozen times, had been unable to resist the ravages of time, and were nothing but shapeless hulks and as thin as paper.

It was lucky it was evening, because in the daytime the dust would have been unbearable; as it was, a cool breeze had sprung up and its refreshing breath revived him and quickened his flagging footsteps.

Pine trees grew at the side of the road, and their fresh smell was carried on the night air. Bull-frogs croaked in the thickets at the side of the road, their voices uniting in that long-drawn-out, incessant chug-chugging that you often hear. Overhead a few stars shone, but dark night clouds, visible by the light of the moon, threatened to obscure them and the Earth's satellite too.

The possibility of being attacked by any other frequenter of this lonely road was remote and did not seem to suggest itself to the solitary wayfarer. One look at his ragged garments would convince the miscreant that he was wasting his time. Such was his pitiable condition.

Now and then he was forced to retreat to the side of the road to avoid being knocked down by passing cars. Several times carloads of picnickers passed him, the occupants shouting and singing. The chorus of their song came back faintly to him through the dusk: "Alouette . . ." Several times things were thrown at him as he stood in the glare of the car lights, and once a rose thrown by some light and happy hand fell at his feet. Savagely he ground it beneath his heel.

It was only at these times that he felt sad. Those people in the trucks seemed so happy and carefree, he thought it must be wonderful to enjoy yourself like that, to shout yourself hoarse with the mere joy of living, with no worry for the morrow—a privilege of youth, never understood till you are too old to appreciate it.

In the distance he could see the lights of a town, and a little nearer another light



which denoted a house upon the outskirts. He decided to head for this, for he thought he might prevail upon the owner to give him a little something to eat. He was getting tired now, he could feel that old weakness coming back, the gnawing pain in his stomach which was not just the outcome of three days, or even of weeks of gradual starvation, but something far more virulent and sharp, something that struck suddenly and gave no warning of its approach. His head was in a whirl when he felt rather than saw the stone pavement leading to the house beneath his feet.

The lights of the house blinked at him as he stumbled along the path, his head whirling, his mind a blank. He reached the broad wooden steps and climbing them fell dazed upon the door mat.

II.

Then it seemed to him that the door of the house opened and a man stood in the doorway. This personage stretched forth his hand and helped him to get to his feet. They went inside and the door closed behind them with such a terrific bang that it set his nerves tingling and jarred his whole body.....

Before them stretched a seemingly endless corridor ablaze with lights, decorated and hung with purple and gold like a scene from the "Arabian Nights." Down this they commenced to walk at a feverish pace, his guide ever and anon turning round and bidding him hasten or they would be late for something, but what this something was the old traveller had not the slightest idea.

His legs cried out for mercy and his sides ached, but his companion kept on at the same speed. It seemed hours before the end of the hateful passage was reached and they stood before a massive door.

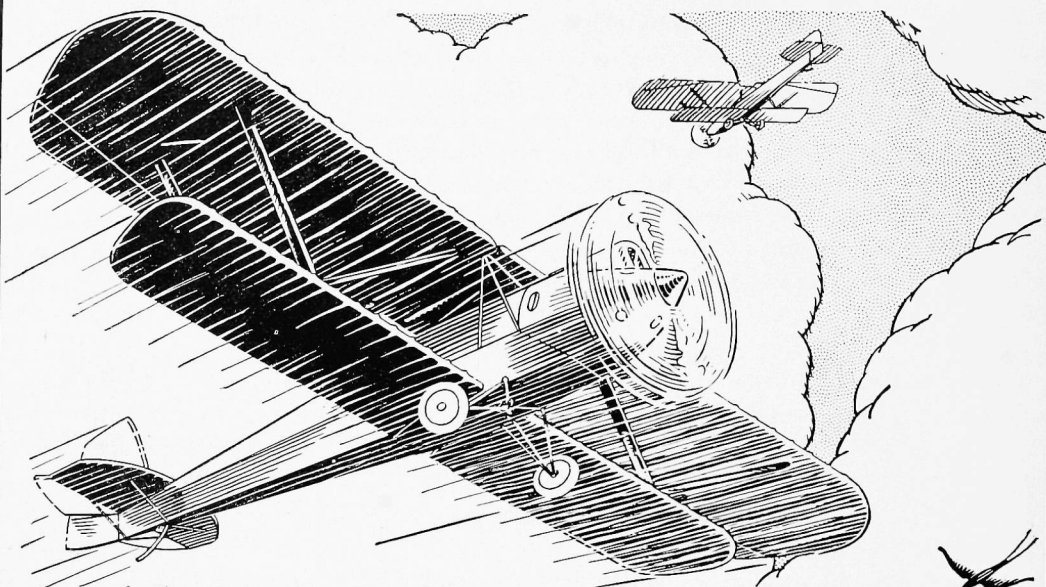
At their approach the door opened magically and they passed through. On either side of them stood two Nubians, dressed in purple and bearing in their hands huge scimitars.

Before them was a great room or banqueting hall, a table in proportion stood in the middle of it, and around the table were gathered a number of men dressed also in purple and wearing golden sandals.

But that which most attracted his attention was the food which covered the table and was piled high in every direction. All the delicacies imaginable, digestible or otherwise, met the eye; chicken, hams, ribs of beef, every conceivable vegetable, desserts, and fish of all kinds; despite himself and a feeling of impoliteness which did not go well with his outward appearance, his mouth watered.

Hesitatingly he approached the table, and stretched forth his hand for some of the luscious fruit he espied. Hungrily he ate several apples and oranges, and followed these up with some bananas and a handful of grapes. No matter how much he ate he could not satisfy his hunger, such was the craving that had seized him. He ate until he thought he would burst, and the pain in his stomach was aggravated a hundredfold. Still he ate, and would have kept on eating without a pause if some new diversion had not attracted his attention.

From behind a curtain which adorned part of the wall of this room, or rather concealed a door into another apartment, there issued forth a number of dancers, dressed in brown and green, to represent Autumn and Spring. They commenced to dance, a sort of ritual.



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They were accompanied by a queer kind of music, evidently played by some concealed person in an adjoining room.

Now the ceiling of this room was like the ceiling of no other room you have ever seen, it rose almost as far as the eye could see, straight up; the pillars which supported it rose like earthly threats toward Heaven, and terminated as the ceiling contracted to a spire.

The echo of the strange music played by the hidden musician or musicians, floated in the air strong and resonant, and then faded to a quivering tremor.

III.

The dancers having performed their part of the evening's entertainment withdrew rather suddenly, or to be more exact disappeared rather suddenly.

The old man had not left his place near the table, but still stood, a pitiful figure, in the midst of the assembled guests, whose gorgeous clothing seemed to mock his own ragged vestments. Try as he might he could not make out the faces of these men; were they handsome or ugly? young or old? were they good faces or bad? They were there, of that he was conscious, for he could faintly see them, and he could hear their loud exclamations, and sometimes even their breathing. What language were they talking, he wondered; it was not a known one, of that he was sure.

Strange visions came to him, materialized and then floated away, to be succeeded by even more fanciful pictures.

Ships becalmed on tropical seas, thatched cottages, gorgeous sunsets terminated by purple hills. Like a mirage strange people took shape before him, people whom he could have sworn he did not know but whose eyes peered at him intently for some sign of recognition.

Once he thought he heard a voice calling him in French, not by name, but with such obvious intent that he knew he was being addressed.

Moods came to him in which he imagined himself to be the creature of a cruel fate and the world his prison.

Of what use were all these humans, he wondered, that wandered to and fro aimlessly, amassing riches or knowledge, giving you the impression of flies in a spider's web; once in a while lifted to a nobler sphere by love or sacrifice; each person self-centred, and everyone in some way a hypocrite.

Coming out of this reverie, he put out his hand to seize some more food from the still overladen table. Instantly a mocking laugh rose from the assembled guests, the scene faded and became dim, until the food upon the table and the guests alike vanished and he sank into oblivion.

Outside it had begun to rain, and the moon was hidden. Suddenly he felt a hand descend upon his shoulder and a harsh voice said in French: "Hey, hey, you cannot sleep here, go away," and this was emphasized with a kick. He had fallen asleep upon the doormat and dreamed.

As he stumbled down the steps a few rain-drops pattered down. His dazed eyes saw the first streaks of light across the still dark sky that heralded the approach of dawn. With a half suppressed groan he wandered along the Road to Nowhere.

Autographs

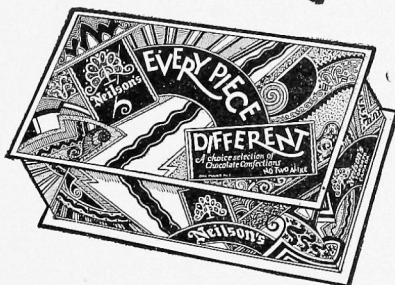
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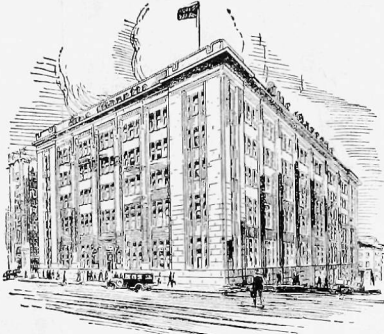
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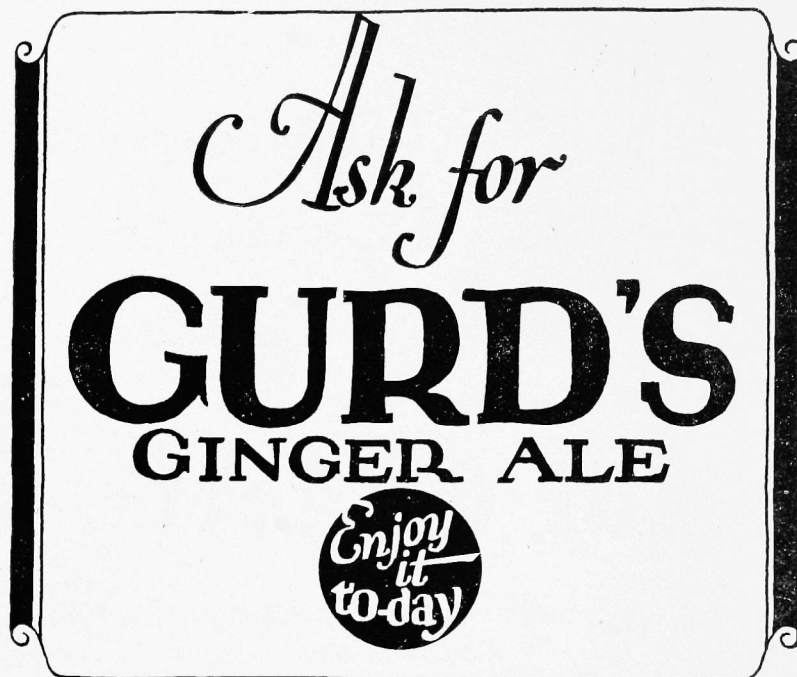
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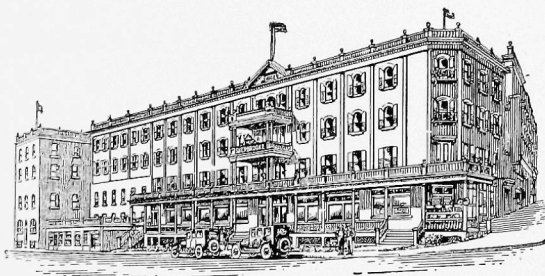
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